

FAME AND FORTUNE

WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

TIPPED TO WIN

OR THE WALL ST. MESSENGER WHO MADE A FORTUNE

AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



"Into the closet with him," said Broker Preston. The men who had gagged Fred and bound him to the board raised him from the floor. At that moment there was a loud rap on the door. Instantly silence reigned in the room.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

Issued Weekly—Subscription price, \$3.50 per year; Canada, \$4.00; Foreign, \$4.50. Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, 169 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 4, 1911, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

No. 834

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 23, 1921.

Price 7 Cents

TIPPED TO WIN

OR, THE WALL ST. MESSENGER WHO MADE A FORTUNE

BY A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Fred and His Friend Will.

"I tell you she's a peach, Will," said Fred Baker enthusiastically.

"She must be to attract you all the way to Flushing. I hope her cousin is a peach, too, to repay me for coming with you."

"She is. They're a pair of peaches."

"It's kind of you to let me in on one of them."

"I'm not so greedy as to want them both. Besides, Eva wants me all to herself."

"Oh, she does? You must have progressed pretty well with her in the short time you've known her."

"I've made myself pretty solid with her considering I've only met her twice."

"What did you say her cousin's name was?"

"Bessie Blake."

"That hits me all right, but how about their uncle? You say he's a regular fire-eater."

"So the girls have told me. He was formerly a major in the British army, and he's a hot proposition, like his name."

"What's his name?"

"Pepper. Major Pepper."

"Are we likely to meet him this evening?"

"I should hope not. Eva sent me word that he was going to a smoker in Brooklyn. Some brokers' club."

"Brokers! Is he acquainted with the fraternity?"

"Sure. He's living on his money, and takes a flyer in Wall Street once in a while to make life interesting. He operates through Dix & Sperry, on our floor; that's how I came to make Eva's acquaintance, and her cousin's, too. I met them in the corridor ten days ago. They were waiting for their uncle to come out of the office. Chester Curtis, the due margin clerk in Huxley's office, next door to ours, came out and tried to mash them. The girls wouldn't have it. He persisted in forcing his attentions on them, so I chipped in and took him down a few pegs."

"You came along just at that interesting moment, eh?"

"Exactly. The young ladies thanked me for relieving them of Curtis. One word led to another, and the first thing we knew we were talking together like old acquaintances."

"So you did the same thing that you called Curtis down for. You certainly have good nerve."

"I did it in a different way. By coming to their rescue I created a favorable impression."

"And Miss Eva asked you to call, I suppose?"

"No, she didn't, not then. I said I expected to be in Flushing on Saturday afternoon about three, and would probably pass their uncle's house, and if I saw them at the window I should be delighted, and so forth."

"And you went to Flushing on Saturday?"

"Nothing surer."

"And you saw Miss Eva at the window?"

"No. It was a nice afternoon and they were in the garden near the gate."

"Oh, quite by accident, of course," grinned Will.

"No, they were watching for me to come along. When I did they came to the gate and we had quite a long talk."

"And where was the major all the time you were talking to his nieces?"

"Out sailing with a party of friends. Had he been around the house they wouldn't have dared meet me at the gate."

"How old is she?"

"Sixteen."

"Does her uncle want to marry her off at that age?"

"No, but he wants to have the matter settled definitely between her and Peter Von Bummel."

"Peter who?"

"Von Bummel."

"A Dutchman."

"He's more English than Dutch. His family belong to Amsterdam, but he's been raised in England. He seems to be a kind of chump, from Eva's account. She says when she gets married she wants a real man."

"And how about Miss Bessie? Has the major got a chap in the background for her, too?"

"I believe not. The major isn't so particular about her. You see, Eva is an heiress, in a way. Her father left a few thousand pounds sterling invested in Government bonds, and the major, as her guardian, has charge of them."

"I suppose Bessie hasn't any fortune, and that's why the major is not so keen about her future."

"Eva is the daughter of his favorite sister, and an orphan. Bessie is the daughter of another sister, and is also an orphan."

"You seem to have learned a whole lot about the family."

"Yes, Eva took me right into her confidence."

"Is Bessie one of the confiding kind, too?"

"She's different from Eva. Eva is one of the clinging kind, though she seems to have a mind of her own. Bessie is more independent. She

and the major are always scrapping, and not a week passes but the old fire-eater threatens to send her back to England to an old maid aunt, but the girls say he doesn't mean it. He is really very fond of Bessie in spite of the sham battles they have. He told Eva that if she turned Von Bummel down he'd leave all his money to her cousin."

The conversation between the boys took place on a trolley car en route from the Brooklyn Bridge to Flushing, the northerly section of Brooklyn, which has a large water front formed by the upper part of the East River, and by the waters of Little Neck Bay, which sets in from the Sound. It was quite a trip the boys had undertaken, for they both lived in the suburbs of Jersey City, and that was a long way from Flushing. The prospect of meeting two very pretty girls, however, was a magnet that was strong enough to attract them from even a longer distance. They were Wall Street messenger boys—Fred being employed by John Dwyer, stock broker, and Will by Gates & Long, in the same business. They were chums and went everywhere together, which accounted for Fred letting Will in on this confidential affair. They got out of the car when they reached the town of Flushing, but they still had some distance to go, for Major Pepper lived on the eastern side of Flushing Bay, south of College Point.

A car took them most of the way, and they walked the balance. It was a large, old-fashioned residence and, as Fred had said, it was erected prior to the Revolutionary War. The whole property was surrounded by a low stone wall in English style, with two large iron gates opening on a carriage walk, now traversed by the major's automobile and the cars of his wealthy friends, and beside it a postern, or small gate, for visitors on foot to enter the grounds. There was a two-story small building near the gates, which was occupied by the gardener and his son. It was part of the duty of one or the other to open either gate when the bell rang, provided he thought the visitor was entitled to admission. The gardener had strict orders from the major on this head, so that strangers found it impossible to pass the barriers.

To provide against such an inroad at night the major got a watch-dog, which animal was unchained at night and allowed to prowl at will about the premises. He was rather a formidable beast to encounter, and as he seemed to know his business, the family had little fear of crooks getting into the house at the time they usually chose for their operations. All these facts were known to Fred, but he had been told by Eva to scale the wall at a certain point without fear, as she would see that the dog was taken care of, which meant that she would attend to the animal herself, not a difficult matter, for the dog and the girls were great friends.

Eva promised to set a signal—two lights in a window—if all was serene. They were then to enter, go to the front door and ring the bell. The girls would be on the *qui vive* and answer it themselves. As for the housekeeper and the servants, the girls had them fixed, but to prevent them getting in trouble they were not to show up. The boys passed the gates and made their way

around the stone wall to a point marked by a great elm tree.

"There are the two lights. The coast is clear," said Fred. "Come on."

It was a small matter for them to get over the wall, and they were presently walking toward the house.

CHAPTER II.—Caught.

They reached the portico and Fred rang the bell twice. That was to be his signal, and the two girls were expecting it. They were both rigged out in their best gowns, and had put on all the frills girls are wont to do on such an occasion. They went to the door together, so that if any slip happened they would both be equally up to their necks in the conspiracy. The watch-dog accompanied them. The boys heard the door unbarred, then unlocked, and then it was opened.

"Here we are, young ladies," said Fred cheerfully, "right on time, like a couple of knights errant who have dared everything to meet the fair damsels of the castle and snatch a brief interval of happiness."

"Aren't you flowery, Mr. Baker!" laughed Eva. "Come right in."

They entered and the door was secured after them by Bessie.

"Miss Torrens, this is my friend, Will Brown. Miss Blake, Mr. Brown," said Fred, doing the honors.

The girls smiled, bowed and expressed the pleasure they felt in making Will's acquaintance.

"And this is the dog, I suppose?" said Fred, looking at the animal, who had his watchful eye cocked on them, but seemed to understand that they were all right.

"Yes. Isn't he grand?"

"He's a fine dog, but I shouldn't care to meet him without an introduction."

"Nero," said Eva.

The dog wagged his short tail.

"This is Fred Baker," and she shook the corner of Fred's coat.

The dog walked up to him and smelt of his shoes, pants and coat.

"This is Mr. Brown," continued Eva, shaking Will's coat.

The dog went through the same performance with Will.

"Now, each of you speak to him in turn, calling him by name," she said.

"Nero, I hope you will remember me the next time I call," said Fred, patting the animal on the head.

Nero wagged his tail as much as to say, "Don't you worry about that."

"Good Nero, I'm glad to know you," said Will, also patting him.

The dog wagged his tail again.

"Now you're acquainted," said Eva. "If he met you in the grounds on the darkest night he would know you and would not molest you."

The boys paired off with the girls and entered the old-fashioned room. It was a big, oblong room, with a low ceiling, and paneled in dark oak, with heavy furniture to match. The four young people sat together at first, but by degrees Fred

and Eva found a nook to themselves and that left Will with Bessie, which suited that young man, and presumed the young lady pretty well, for they were getting on famously together. All was going as smoothly as a steam roller on a new road when suddenly there came the sound of a "honk" without on the drive.

"Oh, my gracious!" cried Eva, starting up in alarm. "My uncle has returned."

"Great Scot! is that so?" ejaculated Will from across the room. "We'll have to skip, Fred."

The next moment there came a violent ring at the bell. The major was always impatient in his movements. That threw the girls into a panic.

"What shall we do?" fluttered Eva.

"Why, introduce us to your uncle and we'll do the rest," said Fred coolly.

"This way," said Bessie, who had recovered her head.

She started for the back of the room and the rest followed. Bessie put her hand on the door that led into a small side hall where a glass door communicated with the garden.

"Good gracious, it's locked!" she cried, aghast. "You were going to see that this door was left unlocked, Eva. It was a part of the program."

"Oh, dear, I forgot! Quick, put out the light. I hear the servant coming to let uncle in."

Another violent ring awoke the echoes of the old house. Fred made a dash for the lamp.

"Too late!" cried Eva, catching hold of him, as the servant was heard unbarring the front door.

"Get into that closet," said Bessie, "both of you, and don't make a sound for your life. He might not come in here, but if he does——"

The major's voice was heard berating the servant. Grabbing Eva by the hand, Bessie dragged her to the table where the lamp stood, snatched up a book, which, as luck would have it, was "Locke on the Human Understanding," opened it and then both pretended to be deeply interested in it. The door opened and Major Pepper, a well-built, military-looking man, of average height, his upper lip graced with an aggressive mustache, entered the room, accompanied by a gentleman in a light overcoat, which covered a suit of evening clothes. The major stared at his two nieces in no little astonishment—first because they were in the parlor instead of the sitting-room upstairs, which was their usual lounging place, and, secondly, because they were arrayed in all their finery, which was still more incomprehensible to him.

"Is that you, uncle?" said Bessie demurely. "We didn't expect you back so early."

"I presume not," said the major drily. "What are you doing down here?"

"Reading."

"What's the title of this extremely entertaining work?"

"The title? Why, it's—it's——"

Bessie grabbed the book and looked at it. Then she nearly had a fit and couldn't open her mouth.

"Well, well, I'm waiting," said the major impatiently.

"It's——!" gasped Bessie.

Major Pepper stepped up, grabbed it out of her hand and looked at it.

"Locke on the Human Understanding," he read.

The gentleman in the dress-suit smothered a laugh in his hand.

"So you find this delightfully entertaining, do you?" said the major sarcastically.

"Yes," cried both girls in one voice.

The major dropped the book on the table.

"Allow me to present you to my nieces, Mr. Harding," said the major. "This is Miss Eva Torrens, and this Miss Bessie Blake."

Mr. Harding said he was delighted to make their acquaintance.

"Now, young ladies, we will excuse you. Mr. Harding and I have a little business of importance to transact. Don't forget your interesting book," as the girls started for the door.

Bessie rushed back and got the book and then the girls vanished into the hall.

"Oh, dear, uncle suspects something," said Eva.

"Pooh! let him suspect. He can't prove anything."

"But the boys—they're in the closet."

"They'll look out for themselves."

CHAPTER III.—The Tip.

"Now, Mr. Harding," said Major Pepper, "we'll proceed to business. You wish me to join this syndicate formed to boom a certain stock?"

"I am giving you the opportunity to do so, major," replied Harding.

"I appreciate the favor, sir, but still it behooves me to be cautious where so large an investment, for me, is concerned. What is the name of the stock that is to be cornered and then boomed?"

"I am sorry, but I cannot tell you until you have passed your word as a gentleman to become one of us. A little reflection will convince you that it would not be prudent for me to let out the name of the stock without knowing whether you were to join the syndicate or not. Secrecy is absolutely necessary for success."

"Will you guarantee that I won't lose?" the major said.

"That would be impossible, major. There is nothing absolutely certain in Wall Street. You will be taking a certain chance. I am taking the same. All the members of the syndicate are taking it. The risk, however, is what we call a safe one and we expect to win. I wouldn't have asked you to go in if I didn't think you stood a first-class chance of winning—the same as myself. You must decide the question for yourself. I will accept no responsibility in the matter. I have told you my opinion, and I have backed that opinion to the tune of \$100,000. That shows you how I regard the chances of coming out ahead."

"I will go in."

"I see no reason why you should regret it. Just sign your name to that paper which binds you to pay into the syndicate the sum of \$50,000 in two equal instalments within a week. Here is my fountain pen."

Major Pepper signed the paper.

"Now you are one of us and I will tell you the name of the stock. It is C. & D. We shall begin buying at once outside the Exchange. It is ruling at 85, which is a low figure for it. The syndicate hopes to boost it to 105, but that is a result that must shape itself. The syndicate may have to begin unloading any time after it gets to par

They talked some time longer and then Harding said it was time for him to go. Major Pepper pulled an old-fashioned bell-rope and a maid responded.

"Open the door. I will be back about eleven. Hello, what is Nero doing in the house?" he said, observing the watch-dog roosting on the mat.

"The young ladies were playing with him this evening."

"Humph! Out with you, Nero. Your business at night is to watch the grounds."

The door slammed after the master of the house and his car was presently on the way to the gate. The girls were on the alert above. They heard what their uncle said, and as soon as he was gone they came tripping downstairs, delighted to know that their visitors had not been discovered. Peeking into the parlor they saw Fred and Will standing together, talking. They entered, with smiles on their faces.

"Wasn't it awful?" said Eva. "I just thought I should die when my uncle noticed that we were toggled out in our best raiment."

"Now that the coast is clear, I suppose we'd better go," said Fred, changing the subject.

"Don't be in a hurry. It's early yet. Our uncle won't be back till eleven."

The boys remained until half-past ten and then left by the side door, promising to repeat their visit at the next favorable opportunity, depending, of course, on Major Pepper's movements. They met the dog in the grounds and the animal followed them to the wall. They patted him on the head, said good-night, and got over into the road.

"What do you think of Miss Bessie, Will?" said Fred.

"I like her better than Miss Eva."

"I'm glad to hear it. Miss Eva is my property, remember."

"I'm satisfied to spoon on Bessie. She is certainly all to the good."

"Say, what do you think about the tip on C. & D.?"

"It looks like a winner. I suppose you'll get in on it?"

"I'm not letting any good thing like that get away from me."

"I wish I had some money, I would get next to it, too."

"Can't you raise \$50?"

"I don't know how."

"Well, it's too bad if you can't. I expect to make \$1,500 out of it."

"You always have been lucky."

"Yes, I've been pretty fortunate in the market. I've made \$1,200 from a capital of \$50."

"You intend to buy 120 shares?"

"I intend to buy 100. Broker Harding figures on about \$15 a share profit, or \$20 if the syndicate is able to push the price to 105."

The boys boarded the car for Flushing. It was after midnight when they hit the bridge, and about one by the time they got to their homes, very well satisfied with their evening's adventure.

He expected it offered for doubling his small capital. His \$1,200 reposed in the office safe in an envelope, addressed to himself, and soon after the cashier came he got possession of it. His first errand took him up Nassau street to a stationer's, and he had to pass the little banking and brokerage house where he had put through his other deals. The house carried on a legitimate banking business, and its stock-trading business was entirely independent of the banking department. On his way back to the office, Fred stopped at the little bank and put in his order for 100 shares of C. & D., at the market price, depositing \$1,000 as marginal security on the transaction. Fred was kept fairly busy that day. He went to the bank with the day's deposits at a little before three and there he found Will ahead of him in the line. Will got through first and then waited for him.

"I bought the 100 shares," said Fred as they came out on the street.

"Did you? You haven't let the grass grow under your feet."

"I never do. I don't expect the price will go any lower, or at least nothing to speak about, and the market may stiffen at any moment, creating a general advance. As I decided to go in I lost no time in getting on the job."

"I guess you acted right. I wonder how the girls came out this morning with their uncle?"

"Couldn't guess. Eva promised to let me know by mail."

The boys then parted company. Next morning when Fred reached the office he found a letter in the mail addressed to himself. He recognized the delicate handwriting of Eva and eagerly tore the envelope open to see what she had written him. It ran as follows:

"My Dear Fred: I suppose you are anxious to learn how Bessie and I came out with uncle. I am delighted to tell you that the subject was not brought up after all, so the anticipated trouble was averted. Bessie, however, was ready for him. Oh, dear, I wish I had her spunk. She is a dear, sweet girl, and is always ready to fight my battles as well as her own. She isn't a bit afraid of uncle, and I believe he's getting fonder of her every day because of her courage. At any rate, I know he's quite proud of her. You see, she's a distant relative by marriage of Admiral Blake, one of England's old-time sea-fighters, and uncle likes to say that the army and navy are united in her. Poor me, my father was only in trade, and never smelled powder, so you see I'm something at a disadvantage, in the major's estimation. Still, as my mother was his favorite sister, and I have a little fortune of my own, he feels a strong interest in me. By the way, uncle informed me a little while ago that he had received a letter from that odious Von Bummel, saying he was coming over on the Servia, which is due to arrive in a few days. Uncle is going to invite him to stay at the house. Isn't that too dreadful? It will interfere with our seeing one another for a while. Bessie told me not to worry. She says she'll make things hot for him, so he'll be glad to go to a hotel. Lovingly yours, Eva."

Fred read the letter over twice, and would probably have read it a third time but for the arrival

CHAPTER IV.—Major Pepper and the Banana Skin.

Next morning Fred was at his office at the usual time. His head was full of C. & D., and the pros-

of the clerks. He put it in his pocket as carefully as though it were a great treasure.

"So Von Bummel will be over on the Servia?" he muttered. "Hang the lobster! I wonder what kind of looking chap he is? Eva says he's quite stout and that his age is nineteen. I guess I can lick him if it should come to a show-down. So he's going to put up at the house? And Bessie is going to make life miserable for him? I'll bet he'll do it, too, if only to get him out of the way. I wonder if she has taken to Will? I hope so. It will make things more interesting. I'm going to win Eva in spite of all the fire-eating uncles and Von Bummels in the world."

Next morning C. & D. advanced half a point. Fred was studying the stock report when the cashier called him up and sent him with a message to the Mills Building. As he started down Broad street he saw a stout, military-appearing man walking ahead of him.

"By George!" he exclaimed. "There's Major Pepper. He walks as though he owned the town. He certainly has a fine figure, though he seems to be growing a bit fat."

Fred was now close behind him. At that moment the gallant major stepped on a banana skin that some boy in defiance of law and public weal had dropped on the edge of the curb. He slipped in a bad place, the edge of the curb, slid forward and his skull would have hit the curb in a way that probably would have finished him but for the quick action of Fred. He sprang forward and, reaching down, caught the major's head in time to save him, but the back of his hands were cut on the end of the curbstone from acting as a buffer between the stone and the gentleman's head. The major was considerably shaken up, and one leg was a bit sprained. Fred proceeded to help him on his feet.

"Thank you, young man. Oblige me with your name and address, please. I wish to remember you."

"Oh, I'm just a Wall Street messenger."

"So much the better. I'm in Wall Street myself; that is, in a way. Your name, young man?" said the major, with military directness.

"Well, it's Fred Baker."

Major Pepper wrote it down.

"Now, your address?"

"John Dwyer's office, No. — Wall Street."

"Thank you. Could I lean on your arm as far as William Harding's office? I fear I have sprained a muscle in my foot."

"Certainly, sir."

"My name is Major Pepper."

"So you are a major?"

"I am, of the British army, retired."

"Come over here to see the country, I suppose?"

"That was my intention, but I have anchored for the present in New York."

"Do you like the city, major?"

"I do, but it isn't London. I miss my club and—but here we are. Will you kindly see me as far as the elevator?"

"It is a pleasure to render you a service, major," said Fred politely.

"Thank you. Upon my word, you're an uncommonly fine young fellow. I don't take to Americans, as a rule; I mean the ordinary brand, but

you appear to be a young gentleman. I am glad to have made your acquaintance, and shall not forget you. Thank you. Good-by."

The major limped into the elevator and Fred started off on his interrupted errand.

CHAPTER V.—Von Bummel.

Will was surprised when Fred rehearsed the incident to him when they met at a quick-lunch house after working hours.

"You made a ten-strike that time," he said. "You may be permitted to visit your charmer occasionally now, and I can go along as your friend and see Bessie."

"I don't know about that," replied Fred. "The major will not consider it necessary to include the freedom of his home in his gratitude for saving his skull."

"He ought to, for a man's skull is a very important part of him."

"I really believe I saved his life, for if I hadn't caught him he would have got an awful crack that might have fractured his skull—a very serious matter."

"I should say so. Well, you've gained some advantage by the service. I wonder if he'll tell the girls about it? Probably he will, and as he has your name will mention it and the young ladies will be astonished."

"Eva is sure to be delighted, but I hope she won't let on to him that she knows me. He is not the kind of man to spring a surprise on."

The boys finished their meal and walked to the ferry together. Next day C. & D. went up another half a point. The general market was a bit stiffer, and the indications pointed toward the expected rise. Next day was Saturday. There was nothing doing in C. & D. that morning, and at half-past twelve the two boys got their pay envelopes and left their offices for the day. They met at the lunch-house. Fred told his friend the substance of Eva's letter.

"The Servia got in this morning," he said, "and, presumably, Von Bummel came in her. I suppose the major met him at the dock, and after his baggage had been passed by the inspectors, took him in his auto to Flushing. We might have had the pleasure of meeting the girls this afternoon but for his expected arrival."

"Let's take a run out there, anyway."

After some hesitation Fred agreed to go and they started up Nassau street to catch a car at the Brooklyn Bridge. They reached Flushing about half-past two, took the second car and were in sight of Major Pepper's house twenty minutes later. When they came to the gate they stopped and looked into the grounds, but there was nothing stirring there but the leaves of the trees in the afternoon breeze.

"Nothing doing," said Will. "We'll walk around the wall to the elm tree."

They strolled around to that point, and Will boosted Fred up on the wall. As Fred came to anchor on top of the wall he was astonished to find himself the focus of three pairs of astonished eyes. One pair belonged to Eva, and she uttered an exclamation on seeing him. The second pair

were the property of the vivacious Miss Bessie, and she was equally astonished at his unexpected appearance. The third pair Fred had never seen before. They were in the head of a rather fat young fellow of nineteen, dressed in the latest London style in a tweed suit, with a derby hat to match. Fred was taken by surprise himself, and as his eyes rested on the stout lad he knew from Eva's description that it was Von Bummel. As Fred gazed down on his rival something put what followed into his head. He sprang down and rushed at the new arrival with outstretched hand.

"Well, if it isn't my old friend, Peter Von Bummel! How do you do, old top? Upon my word, this is a great surprise!"

He grabbed the astonished Von Bummel by the hand and commenced to work his arm up and down like a pump-handle.

"Oh, I say, me good fellow, you've made a mistake, don't you know," said Peter, on recovering himself.

"A mistake! Not at all. You're Peter Von Bummel, of London, aren't you?"

"Y-e-s, but I cawn't say that I know you."

"Why, I'm Fitzherbert Montmorency, of Cavendish Square. I had the honor of an introduction to you at the—at the—the deuced place has quite slipped my mind, but it was somewhere in the West End. Upon my word, you're looking fine, Peter—quite a morning-glory," and Fred fetched him a whack on the back that made him jump.

"Oh, I say, I don't understand all this. I cawn't place you, 'pon me honor I cawn't. Deuced singular, don't you know, if I've really met you in London. I beg pawdon, what did you say your name was?"

"Fitzherbert Montmorency, of Cavendish Square."

Although Von Bummel, strive as he would, couldn't recognize Fred, he was, nevertheless, impressed by the name, and particularly by Cavendish Square, which was the swellest part of the British metropolis. Von Bummel was far from being aristocratic himself, but he did his best to make out that he was.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Montmorency," he said, relaxing toward Fred. "It's quite a pleasure, don't you know, to meet one of me own clawss on this side of the water. Although I really cawn't recall your face, I suppose it must be all right, as you seem to know me. Let me make you acquainted with the young ladies, my dear fellow. Miss Torrens, Mr. Montmorency; Miss Black, Mr. Montmorency."

Eva was almost stupefied by Fred's nerve, while Bessie almost had a fit.

"Charmed to know you, Miss Torrens, and you, too, Miss Blake," said Fred, winking at them, whereat Bessie hid her face in her handkerchief and fairly shook with mirth.

At that moment Von Bummel happened to look up at the wall and saw Will astride of it, gazing down in some astonishment at the scene transpiring below him.

"Who is that fellow?" asked the new arrival.

"Oh, that's my friend, Will Delancey Brown. Capital chap. One of the swell set. I'll make you acquainted with him. Drop in, Brown, I want to introduce you," said Fred.

Will jumped down and favored the girls with a polite bow and smile.

"Miss Torrens and Miss Blake, Mr. Will Delancey Brown. Mr. Brown, this is my old friend, Peter Von Bummel, one of London's tiptoppers."

"Delighted to make the acquaintance of any friend of Mr.—beg pawdon, what did you say your name was? I've a deuced poor memory, don't you know?"

"Fitzherbert Montmorency, my boy."

"Yes, yes, Montmorency."

"Just over, I understand?" said Will, with a grin.

"Yes. Arrived this morning."

"Well, we'll show you around a bit, don'tcher know," said Fred.

The boys proceeded to fill the visitor up with the amazing things they would put him next to in a few days, and Von Bummel swallowed it all. The girls nearly died laughing, particularly Bessie, who subsequently told Eva that it was as good as a show. In the midst of it all Major Pepper came rolling into the grounds in his car. He didn't see the young people, but Fred caught a glimpse of him. That was enough to cause him to regard an immediate change of base as highly desirable.

"Well, Peter, old top, we've got to leave you," said Fred, grabbing him by the hand. "We'll call some time next week and take you out in our car. Give you a swell time of it, with a dinner at the Astorbilt Hotel or Sperry's, and then we'll take you to a show and fetch you back here right side up with care. Cut it quick, Will. Good-by, young ladies. Charmed to have enjoyed your society. Hope to see you both again. Let you know by letter, Peter, when we're coming after you."

With that Fred followed Will over the wall, and they hurried off, quite tickled over the way they had made Von Bummel's acquaintance.

CHAPTER VI.—Fred Makes a Double Stake.

The boys went home and turned up on Monday, as usual, at their offices. A note from Eva was in the mail.

"Oh, you delightfully ridiculous boy!" she began. "The idea of you representing yourself as a member of one of our most aristocratic families of London. If Peter wasn't such a stupid boy he would have seen you was a fraud. It was almost a shame to treat the poor fellow so. He's been talking about you ever since. He now pretends that he remembers meeting you somewhere. He told uncle at the dinner-table that one of his swell London friends called here this afternoon to see him, and uncle was astonished. 'Who was it?' said uncle. 'Fitzherbert Montmorency,' replied Peter. At that Bessie clapped her napkin to her face and shook like a bowl full of jelly. The major thought she was taken with a fit of choking and sprang to her assistance. There was quite a lot of excitement before the dear girl recovered her composure. During the meal Peter did little else than brag about his aristocratic friends. I don't think uncle liked it. Peter is a bigger fool than he used to be, and I wouldn't be surprised if he spoiled his prospects with uncle."

Fred was busier that day than any day for the last two weeks, as business was picking up as the market grew more stable. C. & D. went up a fraction of a point that day, but dropped back before the closing of the Exchange. During the week the market stiffened still more and by Friday C. & D. was five points higher than when Fred bought it, which put him \$500 ahead of the game. Fred received another note from Eva Saturday morning, telling him not to come to the house that afternoon, if such was his intention, as she, Bessie and Von Bummel were going on an automobile trip down on Long Island with the major. While Fred was reading it a boy came in and asked for him.

"My name is Fred Baker," he said.

"Here's a package for you from Biffany's."

As it was plainly addressed to him, Fred took it and signed the receipt. Opening it, he found a short note from Major Pepper, expressing his gratitude for the service Fred had done for him and begging him to accept the inclosed present. The present proved to be a handsome watch, with the monogram F. B. engraved on the cover, outside. Inside was the date of the incident, with "From F. P. to F. B." In addition there was a fine heavy gold chain and a small jeweled charm. It was quite an expensive testimonial of the major's appreciation, and Fred was tickled to death with it.

On Monday afternoon C. & D. got a boom on and went up five points, creating a great deal of excitement in the Exchange. Tuesday morning the boom continued and by one o'clock the stock was at par. At two o'clock it was up to 103, and at quarter of three it reached 105 and a fraction. Fred was at the Exchange at the time and when he came out he ran up to the little bank and ordered his shares sold. They were disposed of by the bank's representative a minute before the Exchange shut down for the day. Fred's profit in the transaction amounted to \$2,000, which he received on the following afternoon on his way home.

Instead of taking the money he accepted a certificate of deposit for \$3,000, which represented his deposit and his winnings. C. & D. didn't go much higher, but no slump followed, as the syndicate, of which Major Pepper was a member, were enabled to unload without disturbing the market. The major cleared something like \$70,000, which was \$20,000 more than he had calculated on, and that put him in great good humor, which was reflected in his actions at the house. He purchased new outfits for his nieces at a Fifth avenue establishment, and made the two girls as happy as a pair of larks. On Thursday morning Fred got another note from Eva, detailing the movements of Peter Bon Bummel to date. The major had taken him around to the club and introduced him there, and he had been invited to visit Wall Street and view the Stock Exchange in action. He was going to do it on Friday morning, and Eva said she hoped he would not run across either him or Will and discover that they were only messenger boys.

"How about taking out Von Bummel?" said Will, on Saturday noon.

"I'm ready if we can avoid the major," said Fred.

"He goes out most every evening to the Flushing Club, or somewhere else."

"We don't want to wait for evening," said Fred. "We'll hire a car in Brooklyn, with a chauffeur, of course, and go out to the major's this afternoon. We'll stop at the gate and ask the gardener or his son if Von Bummel is on the premises. If he is we'll send him word to come out and join us."

"I'm on and will go half the expense," said Will.

They ate their lunch and started for Brooklyn. A car was easily hired, with a man to drive it, and away they went toward Flushing at a lively gait. In due time they arrived at the major's gate and Fred, getting out, rang the bell. The gardener's boy came out of the little house and asked what he wanted.

"Is Major Pepper at home?" said Fred.

"No. He's over at his club."

"Is Peter Von Bummel on the premises?"

"Yes."

"Tell him that Fitzherbert Montmorency and W. Delancey Brown are waiting at the gate with a car to take him over to New York."

The boy went off with his message. In a few minutes he came back with word that Peter would be on hand as soon as he made some changes in his attire. As he spoke, down the driveway came the girls.

"Jump out, Will. Here's Eva and Bessie," said Fred, turning toward the car.

"You don't say!" ejaculated his friend, springing out.

"Hello, boys!" said Bessie. "Awfully glad to see you, don't you know," she said, mimicking Von Bummel's tones and manner.

"Same here. The world has been using you well, I understand, since we had the pleasure of seeing you last," said Fred.

"Our uncle has been using us well. You ought to see the new gowns and hats, not to mention the other things he bought us."

"We hope to see them some time," said Will.

"We've called to take Von Bummel on a racket."

"Yes, we heard the boy deliver your message."

"We'd infinitely prefer to take you girls for a ride, though," said Fred.

"And we'd like to go first-rate; but, of course, we wouldn't dare."

Here Peter came up.

"Hello, Peter, old top, we've come for you at last! Did you think we'd forgotten you?" said Fred.

"I wasn't quite certain, don't you know," said Von Bummel, coming out at the postern gate. "Charmed to see you chappies again."

The boys shook hands with him, wished the girls good-by, and presently the stag party was heading for the nearest ferry.

CHAPTER VII.—Fred Picks Up Another Tip.

"I suppose you're ripe for a hot old time?" said Fred.

"Beg pawdon?" said Von Bummel, with a brawl.

"You're game for anything that turns up, aren't you?"

"Yes, yes," chuckled Von Bummel. "You cawn't lose me."

"Oh, we can't? Glad to hear it. Been to Central Park yet?"

"No. I understand it's something like our Hyde Park, don't you know?"

"Quite different, my dear fellow, quite different," said Fred, who hadn't any idea whether the two parks looked much alike or not. "We'll give you a spin through it. We shall probably meet all our distinguished friends, don't you know. It's quite the mode for New York's Four Hundred to take an airing before dinner."

"When I'm at home I always take me car out on the Row. Of course, you do the same, Montmorency?"

"Sure, my boy. Wouldn't be out of the swim for a farm."

"Beg pawdon?"

"Don't catch on, eh? Wait till you've been here a while and you'll understand all these American phrases."

They crossed the ferry and rolled toward Central Park, entering by one of the upper driveways. They went through to 59th street, then turned into upper Fifth avenue and spun northward again, ostensibly to show Von Bummel the fine residences on the east side of the avenue, but really to kill time. They reached Central Bridge on the Harlem River at a quarter of five, crossed over and went up Jerome avenue for a mile, and then started back again.

"Feel hungry, old top?" asked Fred, when the car reached Times Square.

"Yes, yes. It's about the time I dine when at home, don't you know?"

The boys were not dressed for a swell restaurant, so Fred directed the chauffeur to take them to a first-class Sixth avenue place. When they got out Fred paid the man off and let him go. After dinner they walked to a 42d street theater, where a musical comedy was having a run, and Will bought three orchestra seats for \$6. At the close of the first act they adjourned to a neighboring cafe.

"What do you take, old top?" said Will.

"I'll take a pousse cafe, chappies," said Peter, sticking a monocle in his eye and looking around the saloon with a bored expression.

"One pousse cafe and two plain sodas," said Fred.

"I say, chappies, I thought you took fawncy drinks?" said Von Bummel.

"Sorry, old top, but we've just signed the pledge."

"Signed the pledge! You're joking, aren't you?"

"I never joke on a serious subject. Here's your pousse cafe."

On their way back to the theater a seedy man tapped Von Bummel on the arm.

"What is it, me good man?" he said, jabbing the monocle in his eye.

"Would you oblige me with a dime? I'm out of work," said the man.

"Here's a sixpence, I mean a nickel, me good fellow. Now keep a sharp eye out for work."

"You bet I will, young fellow. A chap's got to be careful these days or he's liable to run

across it any minute," replied the seedy man, walking off.

The reply quite staggered Von Bummel, and he stared after the man while Fred and Will couldn't help grinning. At the end of the second act they went outside again and stood looking at the passersby. At that moment an auto rolled up and Major Pepper and a couple of his friends got out and started for the theater entrance. Fred caught sight of him and made a dive for an office entrance close by.

"Hello, Von Bummel!" said the major. "Is this where you are?"

"Yes, yes. Allow me to introduce me friend, Fitzherbert Mont—why where has he gone? Deuced funny. He was here a moment ago. This is Montmorency's friend, W. Delancey Brown. Brown, this is Major Pepper."

"Glad to know you, Major Pepper," said Will.

The major acknowledged the introduction and then followed his friends into the show. They had merely dropped in to hear the lady premier sing the catch of the play.

"I say, Brown, where did Montmorency go?" asked Von Bummel.

"What's worrying you, old top?" said the voice of Fred at his elbow.

"Where did you go off to, me boy?"

"I just stepped aside for a moment."

"Too bad. You missed the chawnce of an introduction to Major Pepper."

"Sorry, but it's time we got back to our seats."

After the show they took Von Bummel to another restaurant and they had a light meal. It was midnight when they got out. An hour was spent piloting the Dutchman around to various places in the White Light district, during which Von Bummel imbibed a couple of more pousse cafes. As a pousse cafe is a combination of liquors, the last two began to produce an exhilarating effect on the new arrival from the other side. They were sitting in one place listening to a Hungarian orchestra when Von Bummel began to laugh as if greatly tickled at something.

"What's hit you, old top?" asked Fred, wondering if the last pousse cafe was getting in its fine work.

"I was thinking, don't you know, about something that happened on a tram-car the day before I left London. 'Pon me word, it was a deuced clever dog the lady had."

"What lady? What are you talking about?"

"The lady that got on the car, don't you know, and sat down on one of the rear seats where only men sit to smoke. The chap next to her had a pipe and the wind blew some of the smoke into her face. She told the chap he was no gentleman, for smoking in the presence of a lady. He pointed to the sign and said he had the right to smoke there, and if she didn't like it she could take another seat, don't you know. She got duced angry at that, snatched the pipe out of his mouth and tossed it out of the car. That made the fellow mad, and he grabbed the dog she had in her lap and tossed him after the pipe," here Von Bummel stopped to laugh.

Fred looked at Will.

"What's he trying to get off?" he said.

"Search me," grinned Will. "It's the pousse cafe. I guess."

"The car kept going on," continued Von Bummel, chuckling. "In a little while I looked over the tail-board of the tram-car and there, 'pon me word, if I didn't see that dog following the car close behind, and say, chappies, what do you suppose he had in his mouth?"

"His tongue," grinned Fred, giving Will a dig with his elbow.

Von Bummel stopped laughing.

"Oh, I say, that ain't the right answer, don't you know," he protested.

"Oh, I was dead on to your joke, old top. You expected me to say, 'The pipe,' but you didn't catch me that time. Where did you pick that up? At some music hall?"

Von Bummel made no answer. He was disgusted at his failure to work off the joke, and he sat and stared in an idiotic way at a cuspidor.

"He'll fall asleep the first thing we know," said Will. "He's all in for the night. We'd better get him over to the Times Square Hotel and register for the night. It's after one a good bit."

Fred thought his companion's suggestion a wise one, so they took the somewhat unwilling Dutchman in tow and landed him in a room at the hotel, while they turned into another themselves. It was late next morning when they got Von Bummel out of bed and downstairs to breakfast. He had no recollection of anything that had happened after the midnight supper. While they were waiting to be served, Fred felt something under his shoe. He looked under the table and brought to light a pocketbook.

"You're in luck, Fred," said Will.

"I think the owner is in luck, for I shall certainly return it to him."

"Who is the owner?"

"William J. Preston, a stock broker."

"What's in the wallet?"

"A roll of bills to begin with."

Fred counted the money and saw that it amounted to \$50. There were a number of memorandums and a card. On the back of the card Fred read the following:

"W. P.—The combination is now complete and the stock to be cornered is S. & J. The brokers have started to buy it up, so get busy. You may look for it to go at par, if not over. Our agreement is a twenty per cent. rake-off for me. I guarantee that this tip is a winner.

"Yours, T. L."

Fred replaced the card in the pocketbook and put his find in his pocket.

"I suppose I ought to turn this wallet in at the cashier's desk," he said, "but as I can easily hand it over to Mr. Preston in the morning I see no need of doing so. He will recover it quicker that way."

Some fellows would keep a pocketbook they found that way and say nothing about it, don't you know," said Von Bummel.

"I don't do business that way, old top. I never keep what doesn't belong to me if I know who the owner is, or can find out," replied Fred.

"Yes, yes. A chappie like you who has lots of brawss, you know, is not tempted like other fellows."

"How do you know I have lots of brass, as you call it?"

"You're a Montmorency, aren't you? Your governor must be awfully wealthy. A fellow cawn't live on Cavendish Square without loads of coin, you know."

Fred made no reply, and the waiter coming with their breakfast at that moment they gave their attention to it. Will insisted on footing the bill and they left the hotel restaurant. They boarded a Broadway surface car, which took them down to City Hall Park. They got out and walked to the Brooklyn Bridge entrance.

"Now, Von Bummel, if we put you aboard of a Flushing car can you find your way to the major's house after you get there, or do you want us to escort you back?" said Fred.

"Why don't you come out and let me introduce you to 'Major Pepper?'" said the Dutchman. "He would be pleased to meet any connection of the Montmorencys."

"Sorry, but DeLancey and I have a pressing engagement on hand so you'll have to excuse us. Still, we'll take you home if there is any danger of you missing your way. We are responsible for your safe return."

"Awfully obliged to you chappies, but if you see that I get to Flushing I can find my way to the house from there," said Von Bummel.

"All right," said Fred. "Here's your car. Conductor, will you see that this young man gets a City Point car? He's a stranger."

"I'll do it," said the man.

"Good-by, Peter, old top. Remember us to the girls and tell them we gave you a good time," said Fred.

"Yes, yes. When I meet you in London I'll return the favor. Ta-ta!"

The car rolled off and Fred and Will started for home.

CHAPTER VIII.—Fred Makes a Big Haul.

On Monday morning, about eleven, Fred entered Broker Preston's office and asked for that gentleman. He was in and the young messenger was admitted to his private room. The broker was a well-built, full-bearded man, with dark features.

"Well, young man, what can I do for you?" said Preston.

"You lost a pocketbook, didn't you?" said Fred.

"Yes, I did. I lost my wallet on Sunday morning at the Times Square Hotel restaurant. Are you connected with that establishment?"

"No, sir. I'm a Wall Street messenger. I work for John Dwyer. I took breakfast yesterday morning with two friends at the Times Square Hotel restaurant and I discovered a pocketbook under the table. I opened it and found a sum of money in it and a small bunch of your cards, so I concluded it belonged to you."

"There was a card with some writing on it in the pocketbook. Did you read it?"

"I admit that I did," replied Fred.

"As you are a Wall Street messenger you understand the nature of that communication?"

"I admit that, too," said Fred, laying the pocketbook before the broker.

The broker tapped the desk nervously.

"Have you communicated the information to anyone?"

"No, sir."

"You haven't shown that card to your employer?"

"No, sir."

"Have you kept that card, or is it in the pocketbook now?" asked Preston, picking up his wallet.

"Why should I keep it? It belonged to you. It is in the pocketbook."

"Young man, what's your price for keeping that information a secret?"

"I have no price, sir. I do not intend to divulge it."

"You do not?"

"No, sir. It wouldn't be honorable to do so."

"That's true, but honor, these days, is a rare commodity when money can be made by casting it to the winds."

"You can depend on my word."

"I hope so, but this matter concerns many persons besides myself, and involves a matter of millions."

"That makes no difference with me. The information is safe with me."

"I trust it is, but if the contents of that card leaked out every member of the syndicate would be placed in a bad hole."

"I guess they would."

"You have it in your power to demand a good price for your silence, and that price would have to be paid."

"You haven't heard me make any such demand."

"No, but on further consideration you may."

"Look here, Mr. Preston," said Fred, rising.

"I don't care to continue this discussion. I have returned you your pocketbook intact. Open it and see that there is nothing missing. Then I shall take my leave and that will end the matter."

The broker opened his wallet and ran through it.

"Well, is everything all right in it?" said Fred.

"Yes. You are an honest boy. You might have kept the \$50, destroyed the wallet and no one would have been the wiser. Take the money as a reward for your honesty," said the broker, offering it to him.

"No, sir, I won't take a cent. The pocketbook is your property. You have the right to get it back. If I needed money badly I might be tempted to accept a small reward, but I don't, so we will call it square, and your thanks will be sufficient recognition of the small service I have rendered you. Good-day."

"One moment, please. You have given me your word to make no use of the information you have acquired through the card."

"The only use I will make of it is to buy a few shares of the stock and try to profit by the expected rise."

"You are welcome to do that. Beyond that you will not use the information?"

"I will not."

"Very well, I have to take your word. Who did you say that you work for?"

"John Dwyer, of No. — Wall Street."

"That is all," said the broker, and Fred took his leave.

Shortly afterward Preston put on his hat and went out. Fred did not immediately get in on S. & J. He wasn't sure but the fact of his having learned the purpose of the syndicate that a change might be made in the arrangements of the combine, so he thought it prudent to wait and see what would happen in the stock. On Tuesday morning he received a note from Eva. It was largely devoted to what Von Bummel had told the girls about the fine time the boys had treated him to. He declared they were first-class chappies, and when he and Montmorency got back to London he intended to cultivate his new friend's society. The major had asked him where this young Montmorency was stopping, but Von Bummel was unable to tell him, nor had W. Delancey Brown favored him with his address.

"My uncle asked Peter how he came to meet this Fitzherbert Montmorency and W. Delancey Brown, and when he described how you boys came over the fence and surprised him and us girls, he wrinkled up his forehead and said nothing more. I'm afraid he suspects that Peter is being made the butt of a practical joke. Still the fact that you boys gave him such a real good time Saturday night, which must have cost you considerable money, makes him a bit doubtful on the subject," wrote Eva. "I hope he won't take it into his head to investigate the matter, for if he does he is sure to discover the truth."

Several days passed and nothing happened in S. & J. Then it advanced a point. Fred took that as a favorable sign and plunged on the stock, buying 800 shares, and risking practically every dollar of his previous winnings on the strength of his tip. That he was foolish, with the knowledge he possessed of the hazards of Wall Street, goes without saying, but just as sometimes the most carefully matured plans go for naught, so the wildest kind of risks at times succeed.

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," might aptly be applied to the young messenger, and, like some of those fools, his lucky star saved him from the consequences of his temerity.

As a matter of fact, Fred had unbounded confidence in his luck. He had come out ahead when others, with better opportunities, had gone to the wall; that he had scratched the word "fall" out of his lexicon. Then he was money mad, to a certain extent, for he was dead in love with Eva Torrens, and he felt that the possession of a goodly bank account was absolutely necessary for success in that quarter; not necessarily with his innamorata, but with the power behind the throne—her uncle and guardian, and we won't say he was wrong, for Major Pepper had very pronounced ideas concerning his favorite niece's future. With \$8,000 invested in S. & J., and no means in the background to meet a possible call for additional margin, in the event of a slump that threatened his deposit, it is quite natural that the boy should watch the market now, and S. & J. in particular, with feverish interest. He purchased the stock at 81 and on Saturday noon it closed at 81 5-8. He said nothing to Will about

his latest venture, nor indeed had he told him at all about the tip. He was bound in honor not to divulge what he had learned to a living soul, and Fred was one of those kind of boys who could be depended on to keep their word.

"How about visiting the girls this afternoon?" asked Fred at lunch.

"Let's," replied Fred laconically.

So to Flushing they hied themselves in a trolley car and in good time were standing under the wall, near the elm tree.

"The girls probably expect we are likely to call," said Fred. "I might have advised them ahead, but I'm afraid any letter to Eva in a strange hand might be intercepted by the major, in which case there would be something doing."

"He would recognize your name, and as he thinks well of you I don't think there would be any trouble," said Will.

"He'd probably call on me and ask how I became acquainted with Eva. Then I'd have to tell the whole story, and he would probably disapprove of a continuation of the acquaintance. I have no doubt he would treat me nicely, but to be cut off from Eva wouldn't suit me at all."

"I don't blame you. She's a fine girl, and so is Bessie."

Fred mounted the wall and looked around. Under the elm tree sat the two girls reading a book. Fred beckoned Will to get up beside him. That lad did so and saw the girls, too.

"Now, then, let's serenade them in a low tone," whispered Fred, going through the pantomime of tuning up a guitar.

Before they could start Bessie happened to look up and saw them.

"There's the boys now!" she said, springing up.

"Yes, here we are, and you spoiled the serenade we were going to give you as soon as we had tuned up our instruments," said Fred.

"What instruments? Where are they?" said Bessie.

"Oh, we were just going to give you an imitation of them in pantomime. Is it safe for us to come in?"

"Yes. The major is over at his club, and Von Bummel is off with a couple of the brokers' sons. The coast is clear, as you call it, so I guess you may venture in."

The boys jumped down and joined the girls.

"How are you getting on with Von Bummel?" asked Fred.

"He gives us very little of his attention," said Eva. "He seems to prefer going off with the boys. He's away more than half his time, and when he gets back he has nothing to say but what a fine time he had with so-and-so."

"And you are deeply interested, of course?"

"We have to pretend we are, at any rate."

"I thought he came over here to make himself solid in your affections, Eva."

"He used to dance attendance on me in London, but he doesn't seem to entertain the same interest in me over here."

"Which suits you first-rate, I suppose?"

Eva's reply was a coquettish glance, which seemed satisfactory to Fred. The young people pared off and strolled about the grounds. When they came to the watch-dog's house the animal got up and looked at them.

"How are you, Nero?" said Fred.

The animal wagged his tail a little, thereby indicating friendliness, so the boy approached and patted him on the head. Will also noticed him and then they passed on. The boys remained till five o'clock and then took their departure, after promising to be on hand the following Saturday if nothing happened to prevent them. During the following week S. & J. went up to 85. On Saturday morning Fred got a note from Eva, telling him that she and Bessie would not be at home that afternoon, as an engagement had been made for them.

S. & J. continued to advance a little at a time and reached 88 on Wednesday. On Thursday it got busy in earnest and created a good deal of excitement at the Exchange. It seesawed its way to 95 and closed at that figure. On Friday it opened at 95 1-8 and reached par at noon. At one o'clock it was up to 103 3-8, and Fred, who was bubbling over with excitement, stole enough time to go to the little bank and order his stock sold. He figured up his profit at between \$17,000 and \$18,000. He had more than doubled the amount of his deposit. At that rate, he judged that the syndicate had cleared a profit up in the millions.

Half an hour after Fred sold out there was a panic on at the Exchange. A bear syndicate, which in some way had got on to the situation before the boom, and laid its plans to scoop the bull combine, got busy with such telling effect that the S. & J. syndicate was swamped at the moment of success, and instead of making the millions Fred believed they had captured, lost a raft of money. The stock tumbled like a stone and hundreds of small and big speculators were badly caught in the shuffle. When the smoke of battle cleared away S. & J. was roosting at 78. Late that afternoon a meeting of the S. & J. syndicate was called to arrange for a settlement of their obligations, and to try and account for the cause of the unexpected state of affairs.

It seemed clear that their plans had leaked out somehow. After a long talk, Broker Preston said that the young messenger who had found his pocketbook and learned the name of the stock that was being cornered had broken faith and sold the information to somebody who had made use of it, with disastrous effect to them. It was decided to call the boy to account. When Fred left the office at half-past twelve next day he was met by a man who told him Mr. Preston wished to see him at his office. At that moment Will came along.

"Wait for me at the lunch-house," said Fred. "I've got to call on Broker William J. Preston."

"All right," said Will, and then Fred accompanied the man to Preston's office.

The clerks were leaving as he entered the outer room. His conductor led him into the private office. There he found the broker and two well-dressed men, unknown to him. The man who came with him remained standing by the door. Later on he moved over to the door opening on to the corridor.

"Take a seat, young man," said Preston. "I have asked you here for the purpose of finding out from you who you gave out the information

to contained on the card you found in my pocket-book?"

"I gave it out to no one, sir," replied Fred. "I passed my word to you not to tell a soul, and I didn't."

"Nevertheless, the information got out somehow and you are the only source we can trace it to."

"You couldn't trace anything to me that didn't happen."

"You are the only person outside the members of the syndicate and its brokers who possessed a knowledge of our plans."

"I can't help that. I didn't give you away. I'll swear to that."

"You persist in that?"

"I do."

"We don't believe you."

"Then I have nothing more to say. I wish you good-day."

Fred started for the door.

"Stop him!" said the broker.

The man at the door blocked his retreat. At the sign from the broker the other two got up. Fred was seized by the two men, while the third gagged him with a towel. A section of a long table-top was removed and the boy was bound to it.

"Now, then," said Preston, "will you give us the name of the person to whom you sold the information? Nod your head."

Fred made no sign.

"Into the closet with him," said Broker Preston.

The men who had gagged Fred and bound him to the board raised him from the floor. At that moment there came a loud rap at the door. Instantly silence reigned in the room.

CHAPTER IX.—Making a Monkey of Von Bummel.

The knock was repeated, but the men stood like statues, silent and motionless. Steps were heard walking away. Preston motioned toward the closet and the helpless boy was carried over and stood up in it as if he were an Egyptian mummy. The door was then closed on him, the key removed, and the broker and his three companions left the room. Fred passed the worst hour he had ever experienced in his life. He was bound so tightly that he couldn't move. It was Saturday afternoon, and if he was not released by somebody soon he was quite likely to remain in that closet until Monday morning, by which time he had his doubts if he would be alive.

The closet was by no means air-tight, but the gag would help to smother him. The janitor came in and cleaned up. Fred heard him and tried in vain to give some sign of his presence in the closet. Then he went away and all was silence again. At the end of about an hour he heard footsteps again. A key was inserted in the lock and the door opened. Broker Preston stood before him. He removed the gag.

"Are you going to answer my question?" he said.

"I've given you the only answer I can."

"That you haven't told one person about what you learned from that card?"

"No."

"Well, the secret got out somehow and we have all lost thousands of dollars."

"I am sorry to hear it, but you lost nothing through me."

"Well, since that is the only answer I can get from you I have got to accept it. We shall probably never learn the truth."

"You certainly won't if you don't look further than me."

The broker cut him free.

"You can go," he said.

Fred was glad to take advantage of his permission and got out quickly. He rushed over to the lunch-house, though he did not expect to find Will there now. Will had long since got tired of waiting and left. It was his knock on Preston's door that had momentarily interrupted operations in the room. Failing to rejoin Fred, he had gone home. He and Fred had intended to go to Flushing, but he would not go alone. Fred, thinking he had probably gone alone, took a car and went out there. He went to the major's house and made his way to the spot where the elm stood. Mounting the wall, he saw no one but the gardener, who was at work.

"I wonder where the girls are, and whether Will is with them?" thought Fred.

Under the circumstances he did not think it advisable to enter the grounds. He walked to the far corner of the wall and then followed it to the bay. Here there was a boat-house, but it was no longer in use. Fred heard shouts of laughter coming from the interior, and a racket in general. Then there sounded the strumming of a banjo and immediately a chorus of voices burst into a chorus, "Nigger in de woodpile, let him out," etc. This was accompanied by the thumping of feet keeping time to the strains. Fred's curiosity was aroused.

"What in thunder is going on in there?" he asked himself.

He tried the door, but it was locked. Going around to a side window, he looked in. A bunch of well-dressed young fellows were standing in front of a big hen-coop in which another chap was imprisoned. As Fred looked in the crowd started walking around the hen-coop, which was elevated on a table, singing the negro song. They circled the coop three times, then stopped and all bowed low before the prisoner.

"Oh, I say, chappies, let me out, cawn't you?" came a voice from the coop.

"Gracious, it's Von Bummel!" chuckled Fred.

"The ceremony is only half over, and it must proceed to its conclusion before you can be received as a full-fledged member of the Order of the Fun Foozle," said the chap who was acting as the master of ceremonies.

"But this is a deuced small place for a chap to be cooped up in, don't you know," protested Von Bummel.

"There were three crows sat on a tree, and they were black as any three crows could be. Brothers, sing," said the leader solemnly.

The bunch repeated the words to banjo accompaniment, slowly and solemnly. Half a dozen more lines were spoken and then such in the same

style, and then the crowd indulged in a kind of cake-walk.

"Release the prisoner," said the leader.

The door of the coop was opened and Von Bummel crawled out. He was immediately seized.

"I will now proceed to invest you with the regalia and headpiece of the Order of Fun Foozle," said the leader.

He dropped a sleeveless jacket over Von Bummel's head, which confined his arms to his side, and placed over his head and face a papier-mache monkey's head.

"Face the coop, Brother Foozle," said the leader.

The Dutchman was turned around.

"Bow low to the coop. Lower."

Von Bummel was forced over, then the leader picked up a slap-stick, such as is used on the stage, and fetched the luckless neophyte a whack behind. The slap-stick made an awful crack. Von Bummel uttered a howl and began dancing around. The bunch laughed with glee. Another lad fetched him a second whack with the stick. Another howl came from behind the mask. Each of the bunch in turn wielded the stick with great effect, and by that time Von Bummel was as mad as a hornet. He rushed blindly about, but could not escape his tormentors.

"The initiation will conclude with a grand march," said the leader.

Von Bummel was compelled to march around the room, then the door was opened and he was marched outside.

"You are now a full-fledged Fun Foozle," said the leader.

Biff! biff! biff! The boys whacked the luckless Dutchman on the back with the flat of their hands and then, with a wild yell, darted away and disappeared, leaving their victim with the monkey's head on and his arm confined in the strait-jacket. Von Bummel could see, of course, out of the eye-holes of the mask, and he had the free use of his legs, but he was powerless to free himself of the monkey head, which gave him a grotesque and ridiculous appearance.

Apparently he realized that becoming a full-fledged Fun Foozle had its advantages, for after shouting after his tormentors to come back and release him, and finding that they wouldn't, he ran to a tree and made an effort to rub off the mask. It fitted too snugly for him to succeed, and he gave up in despair. Fred thought it time to go to his aid, so he showed himself.

"Oh, I say, Montmorency, help a fellow out of this blooming predicament, will you?" said Von Bummel, running up to him.

"Sure I will, old top," replied Fred, unloosening the tape that held the head about Von Bummel's neck. "There you are."

He took the mask off and then divested the young fellow of the sleeveless jacket.

"Thanks! I'll do as much for you some time."

"I hope I won't require such a service. Who are those boys who did you up this way?"

"They are the sons of the toffs of the neighborhood. They awsked me to join their secret society—the Fun Foozles. I thought it was all right and consented to go through the initiation, but I didn't think it was such a bally bit of nonsense, you know. Upon me word, I feel quite angry over it. They used me quite roughly, don't

you know. Made a fool of me. I'm awfully obliged to you for letting me out of me predicament. I thought I'd have to go around to the gate and make a show of meself before the gardener, which would have hurt me dignity, you know."

"It was rather a rough trick to play on you, old top, but you've got out of it."

"Yes, yes, thanks to you, old chappie. How came you to be around here?"

"I came over here looking for my friend, Delancey Brown. He said something about calling on you this afternoon."

"I haven't seen him."

"I guess he didn't come."

"Come, we'll go into the house."

"No, I haven't time."

"Oh, I say, don't be in such a hurry. I've taken a fawncy to you, don't you know. Stay a while. Come in and see the girls. They're in the house. I know they'll be glad to see you."

"Where's the major?"

"He went off in his car with a couple of toffs—brokers, I believe."

"When is he likely to get back?"

"Not before dinner—about seven o'clock."

"Well, I'll go in with you for a few minutes, but I can't stay long."

"Come along, then," and Von Bummel linked his arm in that of Fred's and they walked around to the front gate.

There was a way of opening the postern gate from the outside that the gardener had shown the visitor so he could get in at will without ringing, and they entered the grounds that way. Fred had the jacket and mask in his hand.

"Say, old top, let's play a joke on the girls," said Fred.

"What's the joke?"

"See those bushes?"

"Yes, yes."

"I'll put this mask on and hide behind them. You bring the girls down on the pretence of showing them something—a new flower—and I'll do the rest."

"I twig," grinned Von Bummel. "I'll do it. It will be quite a joke on them. They'll take you for a real monkey, don't you know, and we'll have the lawf on them."

Off went Von Bummel, and Fred, putting on the head, got behind the bushes. In a short time the Dutchman appeared with the two girls.

"Where's the new flower you are talking about?" asked Eva.

"Over here in those bushes."

"Those bushes don't grow flowers, you ridiculous fellow."

"Come and see if they don't," said Von Bummel.

The curiosity of the girls was aroused, and they went with him. When they got close to the bushes out popped the monkey's head, a most hideous object, and wearing a demon-like grin. The girls were paralyzed for the moment, then both let off a couple of screams and flew.

"Haw! haw! haw!" laughed Von Bummel.

Fred tore off the mask, dropped it, with the jacket in the bushes and came out. The frightened girls were roosting on the front portico.

"Oh, dear, I never saw such a dreadful object!" fluttered Eva. "Where did it come from?"

Where's Von Bummel? Maybe it caught him and ate him up."

"It was a monkey of some kind. Must have escaped from a menagerie. Where's the gardener?" said Bessie.

At that moment Fred and Von Bummel came in sight.

"Why, there's Fred with Peter!" exclaimed Eva. "Let's run to them."

The girls left the shelter of the portico and ran toward the boys.

"Good afternoon, young ladies!" said Fred, lifting his hat.

"Oh, Fred, Fred! such a fright as we got just now!" cried Eva.

"A great big monkey in the bushes over there. Did you see him?" said Bessie.

"Oh, I say, what's the matter with you? Don't you know Montmorency?"

"Yes, of course," said Bessie, coming to the rescue. "His name is Fred, isn't it?"

"Not at all. It's Fitzherbert."

"Frederick Fitzherbert, old top," said Fred, with a grin.

"Oh, pawdon me, I didn't know—that is, you didn't tell me, don't you know?"

"Frederick Baker Fitzherbert Montmorency. Now you've got the whole of it. My friends call me Fred Baker."

"Fred Baker. I think Montmorency is ever so much better. It's your lawst name, you know."

"We won't discuss names now, Von Bummel, with two such charming girls before us. How have you been, Miss Eva?"

"I've been all right, Mr. Montmorency," she replied, with a roguish glance.

"Haw! haw! haw! It was Fred a moment ago," chuckled Von Bummel.

Eva blushed.

"Let's take a stroll around," suggested Fred.

"Oh, dear, no! We might run across that awful monkey," she replied.

"Haw! haw! haw!" roared the Dutchman.

"What are you laughing at?" demanded Eva.

"Something funny, don't you know?"

"I don't see anything to laugh at unless it's yourself," pouted the girl.

"Haw! haw! haw!" from Von Bummel.

"What's the matter with him, Mr.—Montmorency?" said Bessie.

"Well, you see, he's laughing at the recollection of the initiation he was put through a while ago when he joined the Order of the Fun Foozles," said Fred.

"Oh, I say, don't mention anything about that!" protested Von Bummel, becoming sober all at once.

"Oh, do tell us all about it!" cried Bessie eagerly, with dancing eyes.

"Sorry, Miss Bessie, but I can't tell you if Von Bummel objects."

"Do you object?" Bessie asked the visitor.

"Yes, yes. It was a bally trick the toffs around here played on me. Deuced ungentlemanly, don't you know. I'd rawther forget it, you know."

"I do love to hear about tricks," said Bessie.

Von Bummel wouldn't tell nor allow Fred to tell, either, so the girls didn't learn the amusing facts of the case. Fred remained till six and then started for home.

CHAPTER X.—Fred Gets Two More Tips.

On Monday Fred told Will the reason why he had failed to meet him at the lunch house.

"Geel! what are you going to do about it?" said Will, much astonished. "I'd have him arrested and punished for assault."

"What's the use?"

"Why, he had no right to treat you that way. You've got a good case against him."

"I don't know. His word is as good as mine in court, and the other men would back him up. He'd get off."

"I think you're entitled to some reparation."

"I think so, too, but I don't expect to get it."

"What was the trouble about, anyway?"

Fred explained matters to him.

"Oh, I see! You got a tip out of the wallet and you passed your word not to tell any one about it?"

"That's right, and I kept my word. If the syndicate's plans got out, and it looks as if they did, somebody else gave them away."

"You used the tip, I suppose?"

"I did."

"Did you get caught in the slump, or come out ahead?"

"I came out ahead."

"Then you've got some satisfaction. The syndicate got it in the neck. Preston lost money, I suppose, and that's why he jumped on you."

"That's about the size of it."

"You ought to have quite a bunch of money by this time."

"I have, for a messenger; but not nearly as much as I want."

"Don't be too greedy or you may lose all you've made."

"I'll look out for that."

Fred then related the events of Saturday afternoon at Major Pepper's place, which recital included Von Bummel's initiation into the Order of Fun Foozles at the boathouse. Will roared over it.

"It's too bad I missed the show," he said.

"Yes, you would have been greatly tickled."

Then Fred told how he had given the girls a shock with the monkey's head.

"I guess you stand pretty well with Von Bummel now," said Will.

"Yes; he says he's taken a great fawncy to me, don't you know?"

"I wonder what he'll say when he finds out in the end, if he ever does, that you are not a real Montmorency, but just plain Fred Baker, an American?"

"I'm not worrying about what he will say if he discovers my real identity. He can't get very mad, for we have treated him well."

That afternoon Fred was sent on an errand to a broker's office in Exchange place. While waiting to see the broker he heard two men, seemingly brokers, talking about a combine of capitalists that had been formed to corner P. & Q. shares. Fred had a sharp pair of ears, and though the men talked in a low tone he heard enough to convince him that he had got hold of another good tip. When he left the office for the day he went to the little bank and bought 1,000 shares of P. & Q., on margin, at 75. He

put up \$10,000 security, but he still had \$12,000 to protect himself. The stock was already advancing and by the end of the week it was up to 82. It was cold and rainy on Saturday, so Fred and Will did not go to Flushing as they had intended. On the succeeding Wednesday, P. & Q. took a jump to 90, and there were great doings at the Exchange on account of it. Wednesday it went to 95 and a fraction, and Fred sold out, making \$20,000. He was now worth over \$40,000, but that fact made no difference in him. He ran his errands and attended to his other duties with the same promptness he had always done. Saturday morning came around again, and he was returning to the office from an errand when somebody grabbed him by the arm.

"Hello, Montmorency! Didn't expect to meet you down here, old chappie!" cried Von Bummel, grabbing him by the hand and shaking it.

"Hello, old top! What brings you to Wall Street?" asked Fred.

"I came down with the major. He's got some kind of a deal on. One of his broker friends tipped him off to what he calls a sure winner, don't you know, and he's gone into it."

"What's the name of the stock?"

"I don't know. He didn't tell me much about the matter. Just said he had gone into a good thing and expected to make five thousand pounds out of it."

"That's quite a bunch of money."

"Yes, yes. I wouldn't mind making it meself, don't you know."

"If you can find out the name of the stock I'll put you in the way of making a bunch of the long green."

"Beg pawdon? Long green! Don't quite catch your meaning, Montmorency."

"Long green means our American bills. Get me?"

"Yes, yes. Say, you talk more like an American than an Englishman. By Jove! you do. You are getting spoiled over here. When you get back your friends won't know you. I hope I won't pick up the language here the way you've done. Me friends would cut me, which wouldn't do at all, don't you know. It's deuced awkward, you know, to have the chaps you know give you the icy stare and parse you by without a nod. I couldn't stand that, upon me honor, I couldn't."

"Don't worry. You're too good a fellow to be turned down."

"That's kind of you, Montmorency. 'Pon my word, for a toff you're a deuced fine chap, don't you know. But what are you doing in Wall Street to-day?"

"Oh, I'm here every day."

"Oh, I say, that ain't so, is it? Are you speculating?"

"Yes, I do a little of that occasionally."

"Is it possible? Are you making money?"

"Sure. I expect to open a bank soon."

"What! A real bank?"

"What kind of a bank did you suppose I meant a sand bank or a faro-bank?"

"Haw! haw! haw! You're deuced clever, Montmorency! That reminds me of a good story I heard Mr. Harding—he's a broker, you know—tell a while ago. He said a tramp called at a house in the provinces somewhere, and when the woman of the house, you know, came to the door he

said, 'Madam, could you spare me something to eat?' The woman, being very busy at the moment, said, 'Wait a moment. I'll call me husband.' Then the tramp says, 'Thanks, madam. You're very kind, but I ain't no cannibal.' Pretty good, wasn't it? Haw! haw! haw!"

"Say, old top, you'd better put that on ice and take it back with you."

"Put it on ice! Beg pawdon, I don't quite catch——"

"You want to preserve it to tell on the other side, and ice is an excellent preserver. Just buy a good-sized lump of ice, dig a hole in it and lay that joke in it, and then it won't get stale, don't you know," grinned Fred.

"Haw! haw! haw! That ain't bad, old chappie. I must remember that, too."

"Sure. It's the best recipe I know of for preserving jokes."

"Yes, yes; but, joking aside, are you really going to start a bank?"

"I haven't made up my mind yet. But I'll have to leave you, old top, for I'm in a hurry. Don't forget to find out the name of the stock the major is interested in and address your letter to Fred Baker, care of John Dwyer, No. — Wall street. I'll write it down for you."

Fred did so on one of his boss's cards, handed it to Von Bummel, and broke away. Two days afterward Von Bummel sent the information. The name of the stock was L. & M., and it had been advancing for a week. Fred bought 2,000 shares at 102. A week later the stock went up to 111 3-4. Fred cleared about \$19,000. When he and Will went to Flushing on Saturday he carried with him five brand-new \$100 bills. He had written Von Bummel to meet them at a certain spot in Flushing at three o'clock. The Dutchman was on hand and gave them a hearty welcome.

"Where shall we go this awfternoon, chappies?" he said.

"We'll go over and see the girls first."

"I told them I was going to meet you."

"What did they say?" asked Fred.

"They said they were delighted to hear it, don't you know."

"Wait a moment, I've something to give you, old top."

"Something to give me? What is it, chappie?"

"I told you if you sent me the name of the stock the major was in on, I'd put you in the way of making a bunch of the long green. Remember?"

"Yes, yes. I recall the matter now. It quite slipped me mind till you mentioned it, don't you know."

"Well, here's a bunch—\$500, the equivalent of one hundred pounds."

"This is one of your jokes, isn't it, Monty?"

"If it is, it's a whole lot better and more substantial than your jokes. Take the bills. They are yours."

"Oh, I say, are those real bills?"

"Do you think they're counterfeits?"

"Of course not; but I don't see how I've earned this, you know."

"You earned it by sending me the name of the stock."

"Why, blow me, that wasn't anything. I did it

to oblige you, Monty. I don't want to be paid for that, me boy."

"I'm not paying you. I'm making you a present."

"You must have a lot of money, Monty, to hand it around this way, don't you know?"

"Sure, I have. This is the country to make it in."

"That's what they say on the other side, you know. Thanks, old chappie. You're awfully kind. I shawn't forget it. Say, if I tell you something you won't let it out, will you?" said Von Bummel, in a confidential tone.

"No."

"Eva Torrens is more than harf in love with you."

"You don't say!"

"Yes, yes. I told her she couldn't have picked out a nicer chap, 'pon my honor I did. You don't mind me saying that, do you?"

"Certainly not. But I thought you were in love with her."

"Me? I was kind of soft on her over in London, but I cawn't say that girls bother me much over here. She's a nice girl, but it's rawther expensive for a chap to have to support somebody besides himself, don't you know. It cuts into his income, and he cawn't have all the things he's been used to, you know. On the whole, it's rawther inconvenient. That reminds me of a joke that——"

"Cut it out, old top!"

"Beg pawdon! I never seem to get the hang of the Americanisms you use, dear boy."

"They get your goat, don't they?"

"Get me what? Oh, I say, old fellow, speak English, won't you?"

Fred explained the meaning of the expression.

"Very clever; very clever indeed. I'd like to get that off on the other side when I go back, but I'm afraid the chaps wouldn't understand me, and that would make me look foolish, don't you know."

By that time they reached Major Pepper's house and entered by the postern gate. Von Bummel went after the girls and brought them down. The whole party adjourned to the elm tree. They enjoyed themselves together for an hour when Von Bummel said he felt "deuced thirsty, don't you know," and went off to get a drink. Hardly had he entered the house than Major Pepper arrived in his automobile.

"Good night!" said Fred. Come along, Will, we must retire by way of the wall. Von Bummel would insist on introducing us to the major. Good-by, girls. We'll see you next Saturday, if nothing prevents. Tell Von Bummel that we had a hurry call to return to New York. He'll wonder, but it can't be helped."

Thus speaking, he sprang on the wall and dropped over on the other side, followed quickly by Will.

CHAPTER XI.—Fred's Copper Tip Turns Out a Big Winner.

"Fred," said Mr. Dwyer, on Monday morning, "take this note to Archibald Boland, in the Johnston Building."

"Yes, sir. Any answer?" asked the young messenger.

"Yes. You can bring it to me at the Exchange."

Fred started off. At the entrance of the building he ran against Major Pepper.

"Good morning, major!" he said.

"Eh? Who are you? Oh, yes, it's you, Baker. Glad to see you," and he shook hands with the boy. "By the way, let me give you my address. I want you to come out and meet a young acquaintance of mine from England. His name is Von Bummel."

Major Pepper handed him a card.

"Thanks, major. It's kind of you to invite me."

"Not at all, young man. When shall we expect you?"

"I'll send you word. How will that do?"

"That will do. Good-by!"

"Oh, gracious!" muttered Fred, as he walked off. "Things are coming to a focus. When the major finds out that I am already well acquainted with Von Bummel under an assumed name, and that I know his nieces also, I'm afraid I'll go down in his estimation. When a fellow does things on the sly he's sure to be found out sooner or later, and the results are not pleasant. Oh, well, I guess I'll pull through somehow."

He went to the Johnston Building, delivered his note, got an answer and carried it to the Exchange. There he met Will.

"I'm up against it, old man," he said.

"How?"

He told him about his meeting with Major Pepper.

"I've promised to make a date, and that means a blow-up."

"You'd better send word in advance to the girls."

"The major might get hold of the letter."

"Then don't make a date until after you see them. Explain things to Von Bummel, too. He isn't a bad sort of chap. You stand way up in his estimation, anyway. Then the \$500 you gave him will stand for you, too. We'll go out Saturday and you can straighten matters out and arrange the program for your visit under the major's invitation."

"Your suggestion is a good one and I'll put it through," said Fred.

After delivering his answer to Mr. Dwyer he went back to the office. Fred noticed that O. & H. was going up, and as it was a good stock he decided to take a chance on it. He bought 3,000 shares, held it till Friday, and sold out at a 3 3-4 point advance, clearing \$10,000. That morning he received a note from Eva, telling him that the major and Von Bummel had gone on a yachting trip to Boston and expected to be away ten days.

She concluded by saying that she and Bessie would look for him and Will on Saturday afternoon at the usual time. When he was on his way to the Exchange, about half-past twelve, he met a stenographer who had formerly worked for Mr. Dwyer, and was now employed by an operator in copper. She and Fred had been great friends, and he used to confide his early speculations to her. They shook hands and she said she was awfully glad to see him.

"Same here, Miss Woods."

After they had talked a while she asked him if he was speculating still.

"Sure I am, and I'm doing well."

"Would you like a tip?"

"Would I? I should say so. What have you got to give out?"

"Buy Montana Copper. You can get it for about \$9. It will be up to \$15 in a few days, and may go to \$20."

"You're pretty sure of that, are you?"

"Positive," and the girl gave him the source of her information. "Now, remember, all I've told you is in confidence. You can use it, but on no account must you let the matter out."

"I promise to be mum on the subject."

Then they shook hands and separated. Fred bought 7,000 shares of copper that afternoon for \$9 and got it outright, the first legitimate transaction he had ever made. The stock cost him \$63,000. The next afternoon he and Will called on the girls and he told them about Major Pepper's invitation. It was arranged that Eva was to have a private talk with Von Bummel when he got back from the yachting trip and tell him that Fred had been fooling him all along about being a Montmorency.

"Tell him just who I am and fix things up with him," said Fred.

"There won't be any trouble," said Eva. "He thinks you're a first-class boy—the best fellow he ever met, and he told me that what he wouldn't be willing to do for you isn't worth mentioning."

The boys were invited by the girls to dine with them that evening, and they accepted the invitation. They remained until ten o'clock and then started for their homes. On Tuesday Montana Copper began to show some activity, and went up 50 cents a share. The Wall Street papers spoke glowingly about the copper situation in general, and prophesied a general advance in all copper stocks. The city dailies followed suit, and speculators began flocking to the offices of the mining brokers with orders for copper securities. All this had the effect of boosting copper, and Montana opened at \$9.60 on Wednesday morning, and by noon it was going at \$10. Other copper stocks looked up also, and a large volume of business was being done on the Curb. When the Exchange closed, Montana stood at \$11. Next day it advanced another dollar, and it closed Friday at \$13.25. During the short session of Saturday it went up another quarter. The boys paid their usual weekly visit to Flushing and found that the major and Von Bummel had not got back yet.

"Peter wrote us a letter from Boston in which he said he was having a fine time," said Eva.

"Glad to hear that he's enjoying himself," replied Fred.

"Uncle also sent us a letter saying that the trip might be extended up the Maine coast, in which case they would be away a week longer."

"Do you find it lonesome in the big house with your uncle away?"

"Oh, no; Bessie and I find plenty of things to do to occupy our thoughts."

The boys stayed to dinner again and remained till nine o'clock. The following week was a lively one for copper. Montana went up to \$22 and Fred sold out at that price, making the large profit of \$90,000, which raised his capital to \$160,000. With so much money at his disposal he began to consider the advisability of investing the large part of it in something more solid than

stock speculation. He still lacked two years of the legal age of taking title to real estate, so he figured that the best thing he could do with his money was to invest it in gilt-edge bonds, or in first mortgages, guaranteed by a responsible title and trust company. At present he had his money locked up in a box in a safe-deposit vault where he knew it was safe. Thus matters stood when Major Pepper and Von Bummel returned from their cruise.

CHAPTER XII.—Von Bummel Loses His Watch.

Eva Torrens held the promised interview with Von Bummel, and that young man was decidedly astonished when the young lady explained to him who Fred really was.

"Do you know, I arf suspected he wasn't an Englishman, don't you know," he said. "He's a jolly good fellow, though, if he is an American, and I haven't anything against him for making me believe that he was a Montmorency."

"Then you're not angry with him for the joke?" said Eva.

"Of course I'm not. So he's really a messenger in Wall Street? It's too bad he isn't a swell."

"He's learning the brokerage business, and one has to begin as an office boy and messenger. He's worth a good deal of money that he's made out of the stock market, he told me."

"Did he tell you how much he's worth?"

"Over thirty thousand pounds."

"Is it pawsible! Then he's something of a swell, anyway. I shawn't cut him because he isn't a Montmorency. He's more of a gentleman than some of the chaps around here whose fathers are well off. I'll call on him in Wall Street and tell him it's all right. A joke's a joke, you know, when a clever chap gets it off."

Von Bummel promised not to say anything about the matter to the major, and so Eva wrote Fred that everything had been straightened out. Fred then sent Major Pepper a note saying he would call any evening that was convenient to that gentleman. Before he got a reply, Von Bummel made his appearance at the office.

"Hello, old top, I'm glad to see you," said Fred. "I hear you had a bang-up time on your yachting trip."

"Yes, yes. Enjoyed every minute of the time. I suppose the girls told you?"

"Yes. Delancey and I called on them the two Saturdays you were away."

"Oh, I say, old chappie. Your friend's name isn't Delancey, you know. It's just Will Brown, and you aren't Fitzherbert Montmorency, but Fred Baker."

"That's right. Going to cut me, now you know the truth?"

"Cut you! Not at all. I've taken a fawncy to you, don't you know, and I haven't any fault to find with you. You and your friend have treated me first-rate, and I'm glad to know you both. We'll continue to be good friends, I hope."

"It won't be my fault if we aren't. You're not a bad chap, Von Bummel, when one gets to know you, and Will and I will be sorry when you go back to England."

"Thanks, awfully! I'm in no hurry to go back to the other side. I'm having a tiptop time over

here don't you know. Of course, I cawn't stay right along at the major's house. That wouldn't be just the proper thing, you know, for it ain't costing me anything, and I don't like to impose myself on people, you know. I told the major that I was thinking of going to a hotel, but he wouldn't listen to me. He insisted that his house was me home as long as I remained in the country. That's jolly nice in him, but I cawn't take advantage of it too long, you know. I really cawn't, upon me honor. Me fawther left me money to live on, and there's really no reason why I should sponge on the major, even if he has taken a fawncy to me."

"That's right, old top, but still you're company for the girls—like one of the family, don't you know, that's why the major likes to have you stay on. He's an Englishman, the girls are English, and you're English——"

"I'm not really English, you know. Me people were Dutch and I was born in Holland, but I was brought up in England, educated at Eton, don't you know, and I feel English all over, though me name is against me. The fellows at school used to twig me horribly over it until I made the cricket eleven and batted out a game for the school. After that they said I was a good fellow and they never mentioned Dutch again. But I say, chappie, Eva says you're worth a lot of money."

"I've quite a bunch of it. Made it in the stock market."

"So she said. Do you know, I wouldn't mind making a little meself down here, just to keep me busy, you know."

"The game is too dangerous for one who is not thoroughly up in it."

"I could learn, couldn't I? The major hasn't been over six months over here, and Eva told me that he has made all of twenty thousand pounds."

"He has made it through tips and with the backing of his broker friends, I guess. Had he gone into the Wall Street game like an ordinary speculator, he might have been cleaned out by this time."

"Then you wouldn't advise me to invest me money in stocks?"

"No, sir. If I get hold of a good tip that I'd be willing to take chances on myself, I'll let you know and then you'd stand some chance of winning. Otherwise, you'd be foolish to risk a dollar."

"Well, you ought to know, chappie, as you're right in the swim, you know."

At that moment the cashier called on Fred to take a note out.

"Come on, Von Bummel, and go around with me," said Fred.

The Dutchman had no objection to accompany him, and they went down to the Mills Building together. When they got back to the office the cashier had another note waiting for him. This took Fred to the Astor Building, and Von Bummel went there with him. When they came out of the building Von Bummel said he guessed he'd take a stroll down to the Battery.

"What time do you lunch, old chappie?" he said. "I'd like to take you out with me."

"Oh, we messengers don't eat—not until we get through," replied Fred.

"I shouldn't like to be a messenger. I like to take me lunch about one."

At that moment a man bumped against Von Bummel.

"Pardon me!" he said.

As the Dutchman turned, another man slipped his watch out of his pocket and was making off with it, when Fred, who had seen the trick, reached for and grabbed him.

"Don't be in such a rush, my friend," he said. "Just return that watch, please."

"What are you talking about?" said the thief, deftly passing the timepiece to a third confederate behind him, who handed it to a fourth and that fellow started off. The sleight-of-hand business was executed so swiftly that Fred did not see it, but he was wise to the methods of the game and knew that those kind of crooks always traveled and worked in company. He surmised that the fellow who was making off had the watch, for the real thief made no effort to escape.

"Hold on to this fellow, Von Bummel. He stole your watch," said Fred, starting after the other man.

One of the confederates, suspecting Fred's move, uttered a warning to his comrade. The fellow, without looking behind, darted for a street car and sprang on board of it. When he saw Fred coming he dropped the stolen watch into the pocket of a passenger and felt safe. Fred jumped on the car and grabbed him.

"Here! What are you about?" he said.

"Hand over that watch you've got in your pocket," said the young messenger.

"How dare you insult me, young man? Who do you think I am?"

"I think you're a crook, all right. Produce, or I'll pull you off the car."

Of course, Fred's action created considerable excitement near the entrance of the car, and the conductor took a hand.

"What's all this about?" he asked.

Fred explained.

"He's made a mistake. You can search me, conductor. I haven't got anybody's watch about me," said the crook.

At that point an old lady sitting in a corner seat said:

"I saw him drop something into that gentleman's pocket when he got on the car," she said quietly.

The gentleman in question put his hand in his side pocket and pulled out Von Bummel's watch.

"That's the stolen watch," said Fred. "I'll take it. It belongs to a friend of mine. It was taken by one of this fellow's companions, who passed it to this chap."

With the watch in his possession, Fred yanked the crook off the car and compelled him to go with him. There was a crowd around Von Bummel at the corner of Wall Street and Broadway. A policeman had come up to find out the cause of the gathering. The car had carried Fred and the crook nearly to Beaver street. The messenger gripped the fellow with both hands and forced him on ahead of him, in spite of his struggles to escape. He got him up to the crowd and called on the policeman to arrest the man.

The crook swore he had taken no watch, but Fred showed the article, with the chain snipped

by some sharp instrument. The officer took both men to the station house and Fred and Von Bummel went along, followed by a crowd of the curious. They reached the police station and the crooks were lined up before the desk. Fred told his story, and declared he knew the two prisoners were the men who were implicated in the robbery. They both denied it, but were locked up after their pedigrees were taken, for they were known to the police. On being searched, the fellow Fred followed to the car had three watches on his person and two pocketbooks. The police retained Von Bummel's timepiece as evidence, and the boys were directed to appear at the Tombs Police Court that afternoon.

Fred got permission to go to the court, and when Von Bummel called at the office after he had had his lunch, they both went up to Center street. When the men were brought before the magistrate, Fred swore to their identity and told his story. Von Bummel identified his watch. The association to which the pickpockets belonged sent a lawyer to defend the men, and he made a motion that they be discharged for lack of evidence. The judge had their records before him and refused to entertain the motion. He held the men for the action of the grand jury.

CHAPTER XIII.—Conclusion.

Major Pepper sent word to Fred the following Wednesday evening would suit him very well for the boy to call, and Fred sent him word back that he would be on hand on that date. Wednesday evening came in due course, and Fred started for Flushing. When he reached the major's house he rang the bell. Nobody came to let him in, though he repeated the ring with due vigor.

Fred decided to go around to the spot near the elm tree, as he was used to climbing over at that place. When he reached the spot he heard the sound of rough voices on the other side.

"Get over, Bill, and we'll toss you the swag," he heard a man say.

"Great Scott! What does this mean?" Fred asked himself. "Burglars on the premises at this early hour. How could they have succeeded in doing anything in the face of the gardener and his son, the major and Von Bummel, the two girls and three female servants?"

The appearance of a dark form on the wall cut Fred's soliloquy short, and he retired behind a tree to watch. The figure sat astride of the wall and took a bag that was passed up to him. He lowered it down on the outside. A second bag followed, and then a third and fourth. That appeared to be all, for the man jumped down on the outside, and three other men came over the wall and joined him.

Each man shouldered a bundle and started for the end of the wall. Fred followed cautiously after them. They rounded the corner and walked toward the deserted boathouse where Von Bummel was initiated into the fake Order of Fun Fuzzles. Here a small sloop was drawn up beside the wharf. The four bags of plunder were carried into her cabin and two of the men went in to drag them forward while the other two pro-

ceeded to hoist the sail. Fred, hiding in the shadow of the boathouse, saw that they would soon be off unless something was done to stop them.

At that moment he saw a stout club standing against the door of the boathouse. Somebody had left it there. The sight of it put a wild idea in the plucky boy's head. He snatched it up and dashed over to the boat. The two men who were pulling on the sheets and had the sail nearly up uttered an exclamation when they saw his figure in the gloom. Fred gave them no time to do anything. He sprang on the deck of the sloop and knocked one of them senseless with the first blow. The other fellow uttered an imprecation and reached for his hip pocket. Fred jabbed him in the stomach, causing him to bend partly over, whereupon he knocked him out as he had done the other.

The noise on the deck attracted the attention of the two in the cabin, and one of them came out to see what caused it. Fred expected this, and the moment he appeared, the boy gave him a smart tap that put him to sleep like the others. That left but one for Fred to deal with, and that chap made a rush for the door as soon as he saw his companion go down in a heap from no visible cause. Down on his shoulders came the club with a force that sent him reeling on all fours into the cockpit. He was by no means knocked out, and Fred, perceiving the fact, sprang down and hit him a most effective whack. The blow dazed him and he lay still. Fred was master of the situation, and he had accomplished it through his rapidity of action and the fact that he had taken the two men on deck completely by surprise. Not knowing how soon the fellows might revive, Fred cut a thin rope in sections and proceeded to bind the arms of the men, in turn, close to their sides. This done, he looked into the cabin where one of the men had lit a reflector lamp and found it was no different from any ordinary sloop of its size.

The four bags of plunder were standing at the farther end. The sliding door could be locked with a hasp and padlock. The key was in the lock. Fred dragged the burglars into the cabin, one after the other, and locked the cabin door on them, putting the key in his pocket.

He hurried around to the vicinity of the elm tree, scaled the wall and started for the back of the house as probably the likeliest place where he could get in. The kitchen door was slightly ajar and he entered the room. The table in the center of the room was laid with dishes where the female help and the gardener had eaten their dinner. The fire in the stove was burning brightly. Not a dish was washed of all that had been used both by the family and the servants that evening. Yet it was then nearly nine o'clock, an hour when all the work was usually done and the kitchen tidied up for the night. That indicated to Fred that something was wrong. What puzzled him most was where the servants were. He started for the dining room, and his way led through the butler's pantry, which in this old house was quite a sizable place.

As he pushed the door open the light from the kitchen fell upon the figure of the stout cook, who lay bound and gagged on the floor. Fred struck a match to see better, and there he saw, all bound

and gagged, not only the cook, but the two maids and the gardener.

"My gracious!" he exclaimed.

He got a chair to hold the door open to admit the light, and then he tore the gags off the four unfortunates, one after another. All began speaking at once.

"Thieves have been in the house," said the cook.

"The house has been robbed," said one of the maids.

"We have nearly been murdered," said the other hysterically.

"Set me free, quick!" said the gardener.

"There were four of them," said the cook, as Fred pulled out his knife and began freeing the gardener.

As soon as the man was at liberty he helped release the women, and during the operation the women kept up a running fire of talk about the robbers, and that the rascals had surprised them and the gardener at supper and had made prisoners of them. They were all fearful lest the family had been murdered, as they had heard nothing from them. Leaving the gardener to finish up with the cook, Fred hurried upstairs to the sitting room on the second floor. A handsome lamp on the center table was burning and the room was in a state of great confusion, but no one was there. All the handsome ornaments and expensive bric-a-brac was missing, and the floor was littered with such stuff as the thieves did not consider worth carrying off. Fred entered Major Pepper's library, which was off this room.

There was no light in it, and he struck a match to look around. The room presented the same wrecked appearance as the sitting room, and bound tightly in two chairs, and gagged, were the major and Von Bummel.

"Major Pepper!" cried Fred.

He rushed to the retired British officer and tore the towel off his face.

"Thank you, Baker. You've reached us none too soon. Relieve Von Bummel of his gag and then set us free," said the major.

"Thanks, awfully," said Von Bummel, as soon as Fred removed his gag.

"I need scarcely tell you, Baker, that the house has been robbed by several burglars who took us by surprise," said the major.

"I know it, major. I found the gardener and the three servants bound and gagged in the butler's pantry. Four men were implicated in the job."

"Yes," said the major, as he stood. "It is a lucky thing you called here this evening or there is no telling when we should have been liberated. How did you get in the grounds?"

"When my rings were unanswered I thought something must be wrong, so I got in over the wall, but before doing that I ran across the burglars as they were making their escape from the grounds with four bags of booty."

"Ah, you saw them! Which way did they go? I must notify the police by phone."

"They went toward the boathouse, where they had a sloop tied up at the wharf. They put their plunder aboard of her—"

"And sailed away," said the major.

"Such was their intention, but I stopped them."

"You stopped them!" exclaimed Major Pepper.

"Yes, sir. I not only stopped them, but I captured the four. They are now bound and locked in the cabin of the sloop along with the property stolen from your house."

The major stared at the young messenger in astonishment.

"Do you mean to say that you caught those four men single-handed?"

"Yes, major, that is what I did. Come with me and I'll show them to you, but I think you'd better call up the police first and have several of them come over here from Flushing in a wagon."

"Upon my word, your story amazes me, Baker," said the major. "I don't see how you could have caught four stout rascals who were armed with revolvers without assistance."

"I took them by surprise. I'll explain how I did it while we are walking to the boathouse. But how about the young ladies, your nieces? Von Bummel, you'd better see where they are. No doubt they're locked in their room. Better go and release them," said Fred.

The Dutchman started off to do so, while Major Pepper went to his telephone and was soon in communication with the police. The girls were found bound and gagged and locked in their room and were released by Von Bummel, who told them that Fred Baker had released him, the major and the servants, and had also captured the crooks and saved the major's property. The girls were naturally astonished to hear what Fred had done and rushed downstairs to see him. He and the major were on the point of starting for the boathouse wharf. Going on board of her, Fred opened the door and showed them the prisoners, who were now conscious, and the bags of plunder. The major declared that Fred was the pluckiest young fellow he had ever heard tell of, and thanked him in a decided way for his services. In due time the police arrived and took charge of the prisoners, and also of the stolen property, which they wanted to use as evidence against the crooks.

Fred was the hero of the evening, and stood mighty high in the major's estimation now. Next day the rascals were held by the magistrate, and in due course were tried, convicted and sent to Sing Sing for a long term of years. About the same time the two pickpockets who attempted to get away with Von Bummel's watch were also tried, convicted, and sent up. Fred became a regular and welcome visitor at the major's, and in the course of time told the major that he was worth over \$160,000, and that he wanted that gentleman's permission to pay suit to his niece Eva.

The major liked Fred so well, and regarding him as in every way suitable as a husband for the girl, in the course of time gave his permission, and so, three years later, the young people were married and Fred opened up as a stock broker, with Will as his silent partner. And so we close the story of the Wall Street messenger who made a fortune.

Next week's issue will contain "THE BOY SALESMAN; or, OUT ON THE ROAD FOR SUCCESS."

CURRENT NEWS

A TWELVE-TON CHEESE.

A cheese is being manufactured for exhibition at the New York State Fair in Syracuse. It will weigh 12 tons and will require 150,000 pounds of milk, or a day's output of 7,500 cows.

HEAVY STORMS IN SWITZERLAND.

This has been a strange year for Switzerland, first the drought, then the severe snow storms which sent Alpine climbers to the shelter huts. From 20 to 30 inches of snow fell in some places about the 6,000 foot level. The thermometer dropped 30 degrees.

CEYLON GRAPHITE.

In the Island of Ceylon graphite is found in greater abundance than in any similar sized area in the world. The soil and rocks of Ceylon are almost everywhere impregnated with graphite, so that it may be seen covering the surface in the sewers after a rain. The supply is practically inexhaustible. The peculiarity of Ceylon graphite is its extreme purity.

BIG BED OF OCHRE.

A substance resembling brown coal, found within twenty-four miles of Guatemala City, and within fifteen miles of the railroad, has been found to be ochre, which when mixed with water and lime produces a good quality of paint. It is believed by the Department of Foreign and Domestic Commerce that an excellent business might be built up in this material. The supply appears to be very large.

RHONE DEVELOPMENT.

The French have some ambitious plans for the development of the Rhone River. It is planned to make this waterway into a water transport line that will rival the Rhine and will serve for irrigation of over 600,000 acres of land. Also 900,000 kilowatts of cheap electric current is to be made available, thus saving coal imports to the value of at least 600 million francs a year. River ports will have to be improved or at least created and joined by rail with the main land arteries of traffic. The Rhone River flows west and south from Lake of Geneva to the Mediterranean Sea.

WHAT RATS DO.

Experts have estimated that one rat will consume forty to fifty pounds of food in a year. It has also been figured that it requires the continuous work of about 150,000 men with farms, agricultural implements, and other equipments to supply the foodstuffs destroyed annually by rats in the United States. In addition, rats destroy other property, mainly of agricultural origin, the production of which requires the work of about 50,000 men. This gives a total of 200,000 men whose economic output is devoted solely to feeding and otherwise providing for rats.

BOAT'S PROPELLER KILLED A SHARK.

Henry Owens had the scare of his life when he was making his way into Horn Harbor, in Mathews County, Va., a few days ago, in his moter boat.

His boat was speeding along at about 14 knots when it struck some obstable that shook the craft from stem to stern. The boat was in deep water and a clear channel. Owen could not account for the collision with the submerged object.

The boat's engine went dead after the collision, and Owen went to the stern of his boat to see what the trouble was. He found the fast revolving propeller of his boat had killed a shark. There was blood all over the surface of the water.

The shark measured nine feet. Its body was cut in several places when it came to the surface after its contact with the propeller.

CAT NURSES RAT.

Two small kittens and a young rat make the happy family of a fond mother cat at Enfield, N. C., according to J. T. Ethridge, who took a peep into the barrel which serves as the family home at I. D. Wood's store at Enfield.

The mother cat, according to Ethridge, found two kittens many days ago, and on the day after the kittens came caught a young rat and carried it to her barrel home. Evidently the mother instinct got the better of her or else the kittens and the rat developed a case of love at first sight, for the mother speedily changed her killing intentions and welcomed the rat into the freedom of the home.

Now she is nursing the rat and the two kittens, while the adopted member has developed into an affectionate youngster, playing with the mother cat and licking her fondly as do the young kittens. On top of that the new life appears to be agreeing with the rodent, as he has grown considerably since his adoption.

HOW TO GET AHEAD OF PENNY MACHINE.

New Yorkers have accustomed themselves to the caprices of the chewing gum slot machines, which, if they return neither your money nor your gum one time, they give you two or three pieces of gum and a piece of chocolate, all for one cent the next time. The reasoning is that if the machine "puts one over" on you, you "put one over" on the machine when you get more than your money's worth. Now has come the man who is able to fool the weighing machine in the subway stations.

These weighing machines promise to return your money if you place the red hand on your proper weight. The individual in question moved the red hand to 138 pounds, got on the scale and put his cent in. The scale registered 139 pounds. All at once some brilliant idea struck the man, and he removed his light coat, and hung it on the back of the scale. Down went the indicator to 133, and the coin came back.

A Lawyer At Nineteen

—OR—

FIGHTING AGAINST A FRAUD

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XXI. (continued.)

He was in total darkness and a painful pressure on his body and limbs puzzled him for a few minutes in his dazed state, and then he became aware that he was bound hand and foot.

There was a confused murmur of voices that he could not make head or tail of for some time in the state he was in, but gradually his head grew a trifle clearer and he distinguished the tones of several men who were speaking, but where the sound came from he was unable to determine.

Mixed with the hum of the voices was another sound that Lew could not make out for some time, but gradually it dawned upon him that it was made by rushing water.

Gradually his brain cleared up, until he was able to distinguish what the men were saying. This is what he heard:

"The boss made a good move this time, that's sure."

"Sure. This is what he ought to have done on the start."

"That's right, and then there wouldn't have been that trouble with Lillian, and Mrs. French's house would have been safe. Now we can't tell when the cops will be watching us."

"I think Lillian's skipped out."

"She knew the boss would get her if she didn't."

"I wish the boss would get rid of this young lawyer."

"Why, isn't he safe enough now?"

"You forget that we thought so twice before, and still he got away from us with ease."

"Well, there's no chance for him to get away from us now. He is good for several hours with the amount of chloroform he has in his system, and he's lying bound in a room in the dark."

"Who bound him?"

"Drake did."

"What with?"

"Some rope that he found in this room."

"That's foolish. The old rope that was lying around here has been in this house for years, and without doubt is half rotten from the dampness it gets from the river. That young lawyer is a muscular chap, as I well know, for when he hit me with his fist it was like getting a kick from a mule, and when he gets over his drug he may be able to beat it."

"Oh, don't worry about him; he's safe enough. Say, Jim, did I understand you to say that this house once had a shady reputation?"

"I should say you did. This is the place that

was once known as the Hotel Riverside, and in its day it was a swell place for city people to come to for shore dinners, but after a while it changed hands and became a cheap place for chance travelers. They say that many a man who came in here for a night's lodging was never seen alive again, but his body was always fished out of the river the next day."

"How did they turn the jobs off, I wonder?"

"Well, I got the rights of it from a tramp that I chummed with. He told me that they used to chloroform the victim and then empty his pockets and throw him into the river by means of a trapdoor in the flooring."

"Say, Jim, look at that square crack in the boards."

"Well, I'm blowed! I do believe that I've been sitting over the trapdoor that they used to fire them down."

"Just my idea. You wouldn't see a square crack in the floor as large as that unless it was a trap."

"I don't see any ring in it to lift it up."

"No, I suppose that's gone long ago. I wish we could lift it up and take a peep down into the place where so many have started on their long trip."

"Let's look around the place and try to find something to pry it up with, for I want to look down there."

"All right, let us find something."

Then the voices ceased and the men could be heard moving around the room, and Lew, who had listened intently to all the conversation, quickly made up his mind to a course of action.

He knew where he was now, for the reputation of the old Hotel Riverside was well known in Rockton, and he also knew that he was in an upper room, tied with rope that one of the men below had expressed no great confidence in.

"Now to tackle these ropes," thought Lew, and inflating his lungs to their uttermost capacity, he put forth all the strength in his powerful arms, and with a mighty effort burst his bonds.

Then he waited an instant to get a natural feeling in his hands, which felt benumbed from the stoppage of blood, and then sat up on the floor and very quickly removed the rope that united his ankles.

Meanwhile he could hear the men moving around the house below, and knew that they were seeking for something wherewith to pry up the long disused trap in the floor, which had aroused their curiosity.

"Here's the very thing," he heard one of the men below call out.

Lew lay flat on the floor, and while lying thus he saw a faint gleam of light ahead of him.

The light evidently came up through a crack or opening in the flooring, and Lew made his way towards it, moving on his abdomen like a snake and trying to get over the floor as quietly as possible.

Meanwhile the conversation from the room below came up quite plainly to his ears.

"What have you got, Jim?"

"An old crowbar that I found half out of sight in a heap of rubbish. It's pretty well bent, but it will do to pry up that trap."

(To be continued.)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

METEORITE FALL.

A large meteorite fell a short time ago in the grounds of Salop County Asylum, England. Dr. Hallsworth, one of the medical officers, saw it drop into a bush. It was quite hot when picked up, and porous and light as pumicestone.

FIRST GUM CHEWERS.

The Aztecs of Mexico are said to have been the first gum chewers known. The followers of Cortez reported that the Indians chewed a gum to quench thirst and relieve exhaustion. They obtained it from the sapote tree by tapping, and today the manner of gathering the sap is in close analogy to the process of gathering maple sugar in New England. The tree is indigenous to the northern countries of South America, Central America, and especially Mexico, the last named furnishing about six-sevenths of the entire supply consumed annually in the United States.

THE OLDEST AUTO STILL RUNNING

Paris is used to unusual sights, and a few days ago the populace was treated to the sight of the venerable great-grandfather of the automobile. The owner, the Abbé Gavois, who was perhaps the first professional man to recognize the value of the automobile for getting around the country for pastoral or other duties, managed the creaking old contraption. He was greeted with salutes of horns throughout his progress through the city. The long-visioned Abbé is looking to sell the historical machine and the proceeds will help the poorer clergy of his district. The "car" has not been overhauled in thirty years and barring a touch of asthma is still runnable.

GIRL SWIMS AROUND MANHATTAN ISLAND.

Miss Amelia Gade, Y. W. C. A. swimming instructor, took a forty-mile "dip" on June 26, in whose course she completely encircled Manhattan Island. She was in the water continuously from 5:20 a. m. until 9:17 p. m., when she climbed lightly back onto the Naval Militia dock at Ninety-ninth street and the Hudson River amid the cheers of a waiting crowd.

Only once before had a woman made the same swim. The first to cover Miss Gade's course was Miss Ida Elionsky, who swam the metropolitan circuit in 1916. Her time was eleven hours and thirty-five minutes.

It took Miss Gade fifteen hours and fifty-seven minutes to get back to the point from which she had started, but she had spent several hours in the East River off One Hundred and Twenty-third street treading water and waiting for the stiff tide to turn.

At no time on the long swim—"waiting time" included—was Miss Gade supported by anything but her own girlish buoyancy. She even managed to eat sliced oranges, a couple of sandwiches and a chocolate bar and to drink a cup of coffee without leaving the water or gripping so much as the proverbial straw.

FLOWERS A STAPLE DIET.

In India a regular article of food is the flowers of the bassia or mowra tree, of which the inhabitants of the central provinces consume about eighty pounds apiece every year.

The flowers have a thick, juicy, globe-shaped corolla of a pale cream color, inclosed at the base in a velvety, chocolate-colored calyx. The corollas fall in the early hours of the morning and are collected by women and children. They are spread out to dry on mats in the sun, when they wither to half their weight and develop a brownish-red color. A tree will yield 200 to 300 pounds of flowers in a year.

When fresh the flowers are extremely sweet, with a peculiar pungent flavor, and a characteristic color. When dry the peculiar pungent flavor is less perceptible, particularly if the stamens are removed, and the flavor then resembles that of figs. The flowers are eaten either fresh or dried, and cooked in many different ways, with rice, shredded coconut or flour.

The total amount of sugar in the flowers varies from 40 to 70 per cent. A spirituous liquor is prepared from them, a ton of dried flowers yielding about ninety gallons of 95 per cent. alcohol.

"Mystery Magazine"

SEMI-MONTHLY

10 CENTS A COPY

LATEST ISSUES

- 73 THE PSYCHIC ENEMY, by Arthur Wm. Andreen.
- 74 THE WONDER GIRL, by Ralph Cummins.
- 75 ON THE WRONG TRAIL, by Ethel Rosemon.
- 76 THE SPIRIT WITNESS, by Chas. F. Oursler.
- 77 THE LITTLE WHITE ROOM, by Marc Edmund Jones.
- 78 THE STOLEN YEAR, by Edmund Elliot.
- 79 THE AFFAIR AT HOLLYWOOD HOUSE, by William H. Kofoed.
- 80 A KEYLESS MYSTERY, by Hamilton Craigie.
- 81 PROFESSOR SATAN, by Chas. F. Oursler.
- 82 WHO KILLED McNALLY? by Beulah Poynter.
- 83 THE CLUE OF THE WHORL, by Katherine Stagg.
- 84 THE "CZAR" AND THE RING, by Edmund Elliot.
- 85 A CLUE OF FLAME, by Jack Bechdolt.
- 86 "THE FACE IN THE CROWD," by Marc E. Jones.
- 87 THE MAN IN ROOM No. 7, by Chas. F. Oursler.
- 88 FOUR TEN-DOLLAR BILLS, by Henry G. Howland.
- 89 A CHALLENGE TO POWER, by Dr. Harry Eaton.
- 90 THE HOUSE NEXT-DOOR, By Police Capt. Howard.
- 91 THE TRANCE DETECTIVE, By Chas. F. Oursler.
- 92 FRIDAY AT TWELVE, By Katherine Stagg.

The Famous Detective Story Out Today In No. 93 Is

BY THE LEFT HAND

By HAMILTON CRAIGIE

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 168 W. 23d St., New York

"Moving Picture Stories"

A Weekly Magazine Devoted to Photoplays and Players

PRICE SEVEN CENTS PER COPY

Each number contains Four Stories of the Best Films on the Screens—Elegant Half-tone Scenes from the Plays—Interesting Articles About Prominent People in the Films—Doings of Actors and Actresses in the Studios and Lessons in Scenario Writing.

HARRY E. WOLFF, Pub., 166 W. 23d St., New York

THE FIRST OFFENSE

By HORACE APPLETON.

In the cheerful dining-room of my bachelor friend Stevenson, a select party was assembled to celebrate his birthday. A very animated discussion had been carried on for some time as to whether the first deviation from integrity should be treated with severity or leniency.

Various were the opinions, and numerous the arguments brought forward to support them.

The majority seemed to lean to the side of "Crush all offenses in the bud," when a warm-hearted old gentleman exclaimed:

Depend upon it, more young people are lost to society from a first offense being treated with injudicious severity than from the contrary extreme.

Not that I would pass over even the slightest deviation from integrity, either in word or deed—that would certainly be mistaken kindness; but, on the other hand, neither would I punish with severity an offense committed perhaps under the influence of temptation—temptation, too, that we ourselves may have thoughtlessly placed in the way, in such a manner as to render it irresistible.

For instance: a lady hires a servant; the girl has hitherto borne a good character, but it is her first place, her honesty has never yet been put to the test.

Her mistress, without thinking of the continual temptations to which she is exposing a fellow creature, is in the habit of leaving small sums of money, generally copper, lying about in her usual sitting room.

After a while she begins to think that these sums are not always found exactly as she left them.

Suspicion falls on the girl, whose duty it is to clean the room every morning.

Her mistress, however, thinks she will be quite convinced before she brings forward the accusation.

She counts the money carefully at night, and the next morning some is missing.

No one has been in the room but the girl; her guilt is evident.

Well, what does her mistress do?

Why, she turns the girl out of her house at an hour's notice; cannot, in conscience, give her a character; tells all her friends how dreadfully distressed she is; declares there is nothing but ingratitude to be met with among servants; laments over the depravity of human nature; and never dreams of blaming herself for her wicked—yes, it is wicked—thoughtlessness in this constantly exposing to temptation a young, ignorant girl; one, most likely, whose mind, if not enveloped in total darkness, has only an imperfect twilight knowledge, whereby to distinguish right from wrong.

At whose door, I ask—continued he, waxing warmer—will the sin lie, if that girl sinks into the lowest depths of vice and misery?

Why, at the door of her who, after placing

temptation in her very path, turned her into the pitiless world, deprived of that which constituted her only means of obtaining an honest livelihood—her character; and that without one effort to reclaim her, without affording a single opportunity of retrieving the past, and regaining by future good conduct the confidence of her employer.

There is, I fear, too much in what you say, remarked our benevolent host, who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation, and it reminds me of a circumstance that occurred in the earlier part of my life, which, as it may serve to illustrate the subject you have been discussing, I will relate.

In the outset of my business career (said he) I took into my employment a young man to fill the situation of under clerk; and according to the rule I had laid down, whenever a stranger entered my office, his duties were of a nature to involve as little responsibility as possible until a sufficient time had elapsed to form a correct estimate of his character.

This young man, whom I shall call Smith, was of a respectable family.

He had lost his father, and had a mother and sisters in some measure dependent upon him.

After he had been a short time in my employment, it happened that my confidential clerk, whose duty it was to receive the money from the bank for the payment of wages, being prevented by an unforeseen circumstance from attending at the proper time, sent the sum required by Smith.

My confidence was so great in my head clerk, who had been long known to me, that I was not in the habit of regularly counting the money when brought to me; but as on this occasion it had passed through other hands, I thought it right to do so.

Therefore, calling Smith back as he was leaving my counting house, I desired him to wait a few minutes, and proceeded to ascertain whether it was quite correct.

Great was my surprise and concern on finding that there was a considerable deficiency.

"From whom," said I, "did you receive this money?"

He replied: "From Mr. ———," naming my confidential clerk.

"It is strange," said I, looking steadily at him. "But this money is incorrect, and it is the first time that I have found it so."

He changed countenance, and his eye fell before mine; but he answered with tolerable composure, "That it was as he had received it."

"It is in vain," I replied, "to attempt to impose upon me, or to endeavor to cast suspicion on one whose character for the strictest honesty and undeviating integrity is so well established. Now, I am perfectly convinced that you have taken this money, and that it is at this moment in your possession; and I think the evidence against you would be thought sufficient to justify me in immediately dismissing you from my service. But you are a very young man; your conduct has, I believe, been hitherto perfectly correct, and I am willing to afford you an opportunity of redeeming the past. All knowledge of this matter rests between ourselves. Candidly con-

fess, therefore, the error of which you have been guilty, restore what you have so dishonestly taken; endeavor by your future good conduct to deserve my confidence and respect, and this circumstance shall never transpire to injure you."

The poor fellow was deeply affected.

In a voice almost inarticulate with emotion he acknowledged his guilt, and said that, having frequently seen me receive the money without counting it, on being entrusted with it himself the idea had flashed across his mind that he might easily abstract some without incurring suspicion, or at all events without there being sufficient evidence to justify it; that, being in distress, the temptation had proved stronger than his power of resistance, and he had yielded.

"I cannot now," he continued, "prove how deeply your forbearance has touched me: time alone can show that it has not been misplaced."

He left me to resume his duties.

Days, weeks and months passed by, during which I scrutinized his conduct with the greatest anxiety, while at the same time I carefully guarded against any appearance of suspicious watchfulness, and with delight I observed that so far my experiment had succeeded. The greatest regularity and attention—the utmost devotion to my interests—marked his business habits, and this without display; for his quiet and humble deportment was from that time remarkable.

At length, finding his conduct invariably marked by the utmost openness and plain dealing, my confidence in him was so far restored that, on a vacancy occurring in a situation of greater trust and emolument than the one he had hitherto filled, I placed him in it, and never had I the slightest reason to repent of the part I had acted toward him.

Not only had I the pleasure of reflecting that I had, in all probability, saved a fellow creature from a continued course of vice and consequent misery, and afforded him the opportunity of becoming a respectable and useful member of society, but I had gained for myself an indefatigable servant—a faithful and constant friend.

For years has he served me with the greatest fidelity and devotion. His character for rigid, nay, even scrupulous honesty, was so well known that "as honest as Smith" became a proverb among his acquaintances.

One morning I missed him from his accustomed place, and upon inquiry learned that he was detained at home by indisposition.

Several days elapsed, and still he was absent; and upon calling at his home to inquire after him, I found the family in great distress on his account.

His complaint had proved typhus fever of a malignant kind.

From almost the commencement of his attacks he had, as his wife (for he had been some time married) informed me, lain in a state of total unconsciousness, from which he had roused only to the ravings of delirium, and that the physician gave little hope for his recovery.

For some days he continued in the same state; at length a message was brought to me, saying that Mr. Smith wished to see me; the messenger adding that Mrs. Smith hoped I would come as

soon as possible, for she feared her husband was dying. I immediately obeyed the summons.

On entering his chamber, I found the whole of his family assembled to take farewell of him they so tenderly loved.

As soon as he perceived me, he motioned for me to approach near to him, and taking my hand in both of his, he turned towards me his dying countenance, full of gratitude and affection, and said:

"My dear master, my best earthly friend, I have sent for you, that I may give you the thanks and blessings of a dying man for all your goodness to me. To your generosity and mercy I owe it that I have lived useful and respected, that I die lamented and happy. To you I owe it, that I leave to my children a name unsullied by crime, that in after years the blush of shame shall never tinge their cheeks at the memory of their father."

Then turning to his family, he said:

"My beloved wife and children, I entrust you without fear to the care of that Heavenly Parent who has said: 'Leave the fatherless children unto Me, and I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in Me.' And you, my dear master, will, I know, be to them as you have been to me—a guide, protector and friend."

That, continued the kind old man, looking on us with glistening eyes, though mixed with sorrow, was one of the happiest moments of my life.

As I stood by the bedside of the dying man, and looked around upon his children growing up virtuous, intelligent and upright, respecting and honoring, as much as they loved, their father; when I saw his wife, though overcome with grief for the loss of a tender and beloved husband, yet sorrowing not as one without hope, but even in that moment of agony deriving comfort in the belief that she should meet him again in that world where—

"Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown,"

When I listened to his fervent expressions of gratitude, and saw him calmly awaiting the inevitable stroke, trusting in the mercy of God, and at peace with his fellow men; and when I thought of what the reverse of all this might have been—crime, misery, a disgraceful and dishonored life, perhaps a shameful and violent death, had I yielded to the first impulse of indignation, I felt a happiness which no words can express.

My friends, I am an old man. During a long and eventful career in business, I have had intercourse with almost every variety of temper and disposition, and with many degrees of talent, but I have never found reason to swerve from the principle with which I set out in life; to "temper justice with mercy."

Such was the story of our friend, and I believe there was not one in that company but returned home more disposed to judge leniently of the failings of his fellow creatures, and as far as lay in his power to extend to all who might fall into temptation, that mercy which, under similar circumstances, he would wish shown to himself, feeling "that it is more blessed to save than to destroy."

Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 23, 1921.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS

Single Copies.....	Postage Free....	.07 Cents
One Copy Three Months...	" "90 Cents
One Copy Six Months.....	" "	\$1.75
One Copy One Year.....	" "	3.50

HOW TO SEND MONEY—At our risk send P. O. Money Order, Check or Registered Letter; remittances in any other way are at your risk. We accept Postage Stamps the same as cash. When sending silver wrap the coin in a separate piece of paper to avoid cutting the envelope. Write your name and address plainly. Address letters to

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher

166 West 23d St., New York

ITEMS OF INTEREST

LASSOO DELAWARE STURGEON.

How William Beckett and William Bayer lassoed a sturgeon in the Delaware River at the upper end of Reedy Island is one of the big items of conversation in lower New Castle County.

The men sighted the sturgeon and having no paraphernalia they decided as a joke to lasso it with a small rope. A lucky throw caught the huge fish behind the gills.

KILL 300 WOLVES IN MONTH.

State wolf hunters in the Upper Peninsula destroyed more than 200 wolves a month during the spring. Sam Bennett of Kenton and his dog Sandy are the champion wolf hunters of Michigan. Mr. Bennett has hunted and trapped most of his life. His dog is sixteen years old. Sandy and his owner did away with twenty-eight wolves in a little over a month. When a den is located the wolves are dug out and killed or shipped to the State Game Farm at Mason.

SNAKES INVADE R. R. STATION.

"Wow! Wait till I kill this big snake!" yelled W. B. Kinney, third trick block telegrapher of the W. & A. Railroad, at the dispatcher's telephone as he was reporting a train. His eyes registered horror as a four-foot rattlesnake came writhing through the door into the office. Kinney bombarded the reptile with about everything movable in reach, finally smashing the snake's head. Long continued drought has emboldened snakes, who are desperate in their hunt for water.

INDIANS CATCH SALMON WITH IRON "GRABHOOK."

The Indians fish for salmon with a "grabhook," a large iron hook fastened to a pole by a loose cord three or four feet long. A hole at the blunt end of the hook that slips over the top of the pole keeps it in place until the fish is hooked. Then the hook is pulled off the pole, and the cord gives the fisherman a chance to play his fish, if necessary, before dragging it ashore.

The hooks are made by the blacksmith, but the poles, about twenty feet in length, the Indians make themselves of red fir. Taking a rough piece

of dry wood of the required length, they patiently work at it with drawshave and knife until it is the right size and tapered to suit the workman. Then it is usually hardened in the coals before putting on the cord, which they braid themselves.

If a pole breaks, as it often does, the broken parts are lashed together with string, pitch is smeared over and melted by being rubbed with a hot stone, which makes the pole as strong as before.

The Indians generally fish from the bank or from platforms built over the water, says the "Fishing Gazette." They thrust the long pole out across the river as far as they can, and let the current carry it down and into the bank, trusting to chance and a quick jerk to hook the fish if they feel one in the water.

LAUGHS

Director—Say, my man, how is it that Shakespeare's statue is standing on the pedestal marked Scott? Attendant—He must have got his base on an error, sir.

Doctor—The increasing deafness of your wife is merely an indication of advancing years, and you can tell her that. Husband—Hum! Would you mind telling her that yourself, doctor?

"What reason have you for thinking that the thief who entered your house was a locksmith by trade," asked the detective. "Why, I saw him make a bolt for the door," said the victim of the robbery.

"Oh, John," said Mrs. Popley, "you must raise a pair of these long side whiskers." "What!" exclaimed Popley; "why, I thought you detested that sort of—" "Yes, but Mr. Dubley was here to-day. He has them, you know, and it was just too cute to see the way baby pulled them."

Judge—You were most brave in capturing the burglar, Frau Wachtig, but to injure him so severely was hardly right of you. Witness—I didn't know he was a burglar at all. I had waited up nearly three hours for my husband, and thought the robber was he.

A little boy told his friend, another youngster, that his mother was accustomed to give him a penny every morning so that he should take his medicine in peace and quietness. "Well, what do you do with it?" inquired the little friend. "Mother puts it in the money box until there is a shilling." "And what then?" "Why, then mother buys another bottle of medicine with it."

"Me an' the preacher went fishin' yesterday," he said. "I caught all the fish; an' of course, he felt mighty bad over it, as he well knowed I'd tell it; an' what do you reckon he done?" "Dunno." "Got up in meetin' Sunday mornin', looked straight at me, an' give out the text: 'All liars shall have their portion in the lake that burns with fire an' brimstone.'"

ITEMS OF INTEREST

GIRLS CHECK FOREST FIRE.

For three hours 150 girls from Camp Meenagha, Wis., a summer school, fought flames which threatened to consume the 4,000-acre forest of the Peninsula State Park.

Everett Valentine saw the flames and turned to the girls' camp for help. The girls, members of prominent families from all parts of the United States, dropped tennis racquets and books and formed a bucket line. The fire was checked.

GIRL SHOTS AT BOATERS.

Two little maidens, scantily clad, were shot at while out in a rowboat near Sisterville, W. Va. Police found a young girl had done the shooting.

"Yes, I shot at them," she confessed, and cursed; "if they come again I'll shoot to kill."

"They came at night," she said, "and we missed chickens and lots of garden produce. Then in the day time they'd row up and down the river clothed in almost nothing and kick their feet in the air and yell:

"Hey there, Rube—rubber!"

GERMANS USE WHALE MEAT FOR HAMBURGER.

The German taste for hamburger seems to be greater than the supply of meat with which to make it.

At any rate, exports of whale meat from Vancouver, B. C., to Germany are rapidly increasing. It was said that whale meat was to be used in the manufacture of hamburger in Germany, and that in many cases it was actually preferred to any other ingredient.

The latest shipment of whale meat left here recently aboard the Holland-American freighter Noorderijk. Another will follow shortly.

TWO KILLED TEN BEARS.

Returning to Kamloops after six weeks of thrilling adventures in the rugged country of the Big Bend on the Columbia River, J. W. French and Leo Tennis, the latter a fullblood Shuswap Indian, brought back the skins of ten bears—six grizzlies, two cinnamons and two blacks. Each of the hunters got his bag limit of three grizzlies, three measuring more than eight feet in length.

On one occasion the hunters sighted eight grizzlies on one slide, this being the largest group of bears ever seen in that part of British Columbia. At that time the limit was within one of being complete, so no effort was made to disturb the bears. The sixth bear was shot next day.

LONG WALK TO FILL PULPIT.

The Rev. Neff J. Reynolds of Somerton, Ohio, walks seven miles to take a bus which carries him to within three miles of where he preaches at Lafferty and Bannock. He starts the twenty-five mile trip by arising Sunday morning at 3 o'clock.

The Methodist Church recently organized congregations in Bannock and Lafferty mining

towns. Reynolds, a local preacher, was asked to fill the pulpits. When he makes the trip it means walking seven miles from his farm to Barnesville, where he boards a bus that takes him to Loydsville, three miles from the little towns where the congregations are located. Sometimes autoists carry him the last three miles of the trip, but he is always sure of getting the seven mile hike between this place and Barnesville, both going and coming. A man of about 40, Reynolds is noted for demonstrative methods of preaching.

WHY WATCH SPRINGS BREAK IN SUMMER.

Did you ever have the mainspring of a watch break? If you did, the chances are that this occurred in thunderstorm weather, writes C. A. Briggs in Popular Mechanics. It has been the experience of many jewelers that in thunderstorm seasons the number of broken watch mainsprings increases greatly. This has been erroneously ascribed, though somewhat vaguely, to the effects of electricity, magnetism, and of the noise from the thunder, but an analysis of the explanations attempted fails to develop any reasonable relation in accord with these ideas.

This matter has recently been made the subject of a scientific study. It was finally found to arise from the fact that at this time of the year the air was both warm and moist, and that both of these conditions facilitate rusting. A small spot of rust often starts on the spring or in a crack, and the spring soon weakens and lets go. The trouble is therefore not due to any mysterious effects of magnetism or electricity. It can largely be prevented by a layer of oil on the surface of the spring.

NEW WHITE SMOKE SCREEN.

A white smoke screen, denser and more impenetrable to vision than any smoke screen yet invented, was demonstrated the other day at Camp Meade for the members of the Reserve Officers' Training Camp. It is a new invention, the secret of which is being guarded closely by chemists and army officers directing its use.

When the smoke candles were lighted, instead of seeing black clouds rise, as on the battlefields of France, the reserve officers were surprised by the beautiful white clouds, which rose from the ground so dense that they seemed almost solid.

Major Earl U. Atkisson, commandant of the Edgewood Arsenal, said the white smoke candles not only possessed a greater obscuring power, but produced smoke in greater quantities. They are not poisonous and produce no toxic effect.

"There is no point to infantry advancing in the open any more," said Major Atkisson. "The smoke candles can be thrown in front of an advancing line by mortars or artillery. The white smoke makes a much more opaque protective screen than black, and it is absolutely harmless to the person passing through it."

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

SUICIDE ASKS DOCTOR'S AID.

Ethelbert Crawford, fifty-one, formerly a railroad and Western Union telegrapher at New York, shot himself with a rifle at his home at Tuston, Sullivan County, N. Y., where he lived with his aged mother. He had just asked Dr. Glatzmeyer of Narrowsburg, who was attending him, where his heart was. The physician with a pencil drew an outline of the region of the heart on Crawford's chest and then stepped from the bedside to prepare some medicine.

As he did so Crawford leaped from the bed, ran into another room, seized a loaded rifle and holding the muzzle to the marks on his chest discharged the weapon. Death was instant.

CAT KEEPS A WIDOW'S FAMILY IN MEAT.

Here's a cat that earns his own board.

He also supplies a widow's family with meat daily.

This cat's name is "Tiger," and he belongs to Mrs. G. W. Smith of Tenth and Central avenues, between Claremont and Upland, Los Angeles, Cal.

Mrs. Smith's claim for Tiger is that he has almost human intelligence.

Tiger is a big, husky feline and every day for some time he has been going out into the San Antonia wash, which adjoins the Smith homestead, and bringing back a cotton-tail rabbit.

When thoroughly scrubbed and cleaned, said cotton-tail furnished meat for the Smith family. And a choice, well-cooked piece went to Tiger. He is happy. He's cutting down the H. C. of L. for the Smith family.

INDIAN SKELETONS FOUND.

An old Indian burying ground, with skeletons in an excellent state of preservation, was found the other day at the Baltimore Young Men's Christian Association camp, on Rehoboth Beach, Del., by Prof. Marvin H. Markle of Baltimore.

The first grave was found at the top of a hill where the recent rains had washed the sand from the face of the hill, showing a cross section of the grave. Some of the bones turned to dust when touched, and many are in a crumbly condition, although the skull, with its cheekbones, is in good condition, while ten teeth were found, nine being perfect. A small metal piece was found near the skull, on which was a rude etching of a bear in a sitting position.

Later more skeletons were found, and several tomahawks and spear heads. It is believed the hill was the site of a battle in which Delaware Indians took part, and where the warriors were buried after the battle. The skeletons are evidently those of young men.

Hundreds of visitors are inspecting the cliff, which has been carefully fenced off from souvenir hunters.

BOOTBLACKS IN DUBLIN OVER A CENTURY AGO.

Among the populace of Dublin in 1780 the shoeblacks were a numerous and formidable body. The polish they used was lampblack and eggs, for which they purchased all that were rotten in the markets. Their implements consisted of a three-legged stool, a basket containing a blunt knife called a spud, a painter's brush and an old wig.

A gentleman usually went out in the morning with dirty boots or shoes, sure to find a shoeblack sitting on his stool at the corner of the street. The gentleman put his foot in the lap of the shoeblack without ceremony, and the artist scraped it with his spud, wiped it with his wig and then laid on his composition thick as paint with his painter's brush.

The stuff dried with rich polish, requiring no friction and little inferior to the elaborate modern fluids, save only the intolerable odors exhaled from eggs in a high state of putridity, and which filled the house which was entered before the composition was quite dry, and sometimes even tainted the air of fashionable drawing rooms.

THE NATURAL BRIDGE

"The history of the Natural Bridge is remarkably interesting. It was mentioned first, I think, by Burnaby in 1757, who spoke of it as a 'natural arch or bridge joining two high mountains, with a considerable river underneath.' A bloody Indian fight occurred near it about 1770. Washington, when a surveyor for Lord Fairfax, visited it and carved his name, where it can now be seen. During the Revolution the French organized two expeditions to visit it. From their measurements and diagrams a picture was made in Paris, which for nearly half a century was copied in Europe and America as correct. The original tract was granted by the king to Thomas Jefferson in 1774. After Jefferson became President he visited the place, surveyed it and made the map with his own hands. The next year he returned, taking two slaves, 'Patrick Henry' and his wife. For these two the former President built a log cabin, with two rooms, and directed one to be kept open for the entertainment of strangers. The slaves were never manumitted. Jefferson left here a large book for 'sentiments.' Unfortunately the book was accidentally destroyed in 1845 and only a part of it remains. Above the bridge is an immense glen, probably once a cave, which extends for a mile to Lace Water Falls. There is much to see in this glen—a saltpetre cave, worked for niter during the War of 1812 and by the Confederates in 1862, and Lost River, a subterranean stream which shoots out of a cavern high in the wall, and disappears in another nearly opposite. Above the arch some one has carved, 'Whoever drinks here shall return.' Natural Bridge Park is a plateau 1,500 feet above the sea and comprises about 2,000 acres. It is about two miles away from the James."

LINES OF THE PALM BETRAY WEAK MINDS.

The three principal lines of the hand — those of life, head and heart — are normally present a few weeks before a child is born, all the others are acquired by use. In an address read recently in London by Dr. F. G. Crookshank, he said the early presence of those three lines, was an example of the law of anticipation — that is to say, characters acquired for the race by response to need tend to appear in successive generations in anticipation of the exercise for which they are adapted.

When an ill brought up child, an idiot, or an ape grasped a fork, a stick or a straw, not as we hold a pen or a knife, but across the palm, a broad transverse crease was made which showed how the lines of head and heart had been differentiated from one transverse primitive line suited to this primitive usage of the hand. Such a line was seen on the hands of many monkeys, and it was this single transverse line that was seen on the palm or palms of many Mongols, the word Mongol being used here to define a certain undeveloped type of mentality.

The lines on the palms of Mongols also tend to be different on the right or left hand.

GENUINE LEATHER COVER GUARANTEED

FREE TO BOYS

Real Rugby Football Strong, Leather Cover, best Rubber Bladder. **FREE** for selling 82 packages of Bingo Perfumed Ironing Wax at 10c each. No trouble to sell. Write to-day. Send no money. Extra present if you order now.

Bingo Co. Dept. 419, Binghamton, N.Y.

NEW SCIENTIFIC WONDER

"X-RAY" CURIO

PRICE **12 C.** SILVER ONLY—**BIG FUN**

BOYS You apparently see thru Clothes, Wood, Stone, any object. See Bones in Flesh. A MAGIC Trick Novelty **FREE** with each X-Ray. **MARVEL MFG. CO., Dept. 15 NEW HAVEN, CONN.**

WHY GROW OLD? Vi-tal-o-tee Tablets are a sure PEP producer and nerve tonic. Restore Strength, Energy and Youthful Vigor. Money back if not satisfied. Only \$1 box of 30; 6 boxes, \$5. Mailed in plain wrapper. Write to-day. The Vitalottee Co., Box 268, Div. B, Kansas City, Mo.



Wonderful new device, guides your hand; corrects your writing in few days. Big improvement in three hours. No failures. Complete outline **FREE**. Write C. J. Ozment, Dept. 39 St. Louis, Mo.

LOVERS' GUIDE, or An Easy Road to Marriage

Tells "How to Court a Bashful Girl," "How to Woo an Heiress," "How a Lady Should Manage Her Beau to make him Propose Marriage," "How to Catch a Rich Bachelor," "How to Win the Favor of Ladies," "Wedding Etiquette, etc., etc. All subjects helpful to lovers. 10c POSTPAID

WARD PUB. CO., Tilton, N. H.

CURED HIS RHEUMATISM!

"I am eighty-three years old and I doctored for rheumatism ever since I came out of the army, over 50 years ago. Like many others, I spent money freely for so-called 'cures' and I have read about 'Uric Acid' until I could almost taste it. I could not sleep nights or walk without pain; my hands were so sore and stiff I could not hold a pen. But now I am again in active business and can walk with ease or write all day with comfort. Friends are surprised at the change." You might just as well attempt to put out a fire with oil as try to get rid of your rheumatism, neuritis and like complaints by taking treatment supposed to drive Uric Acid out of your blood and body. It took Mr. Ashelman fifty years to find out the truth. He learned how to get rid of the true cause of his rheumatism, other disorders, and recover his strength from "The Inner Mysteries," now being distributed free by an authority who devoted over twenty years to the scientific study of this trouble. If any reader of this paper wishes "The Inner Mysteries of Rheumatism" overlooked by doctors and scientists for centuries past, simply send a post card or letter to H. P. Clearwater, No. 534 J Street, Hallowell, Maine. Send now, lest you forget! If not a sufferer, cut out this notice and hand this good news and opportunity to some afflicted friend. All who send will receive it by return mail without any charge whatever.

Delivered to you Free

for 30 days trial on approval. Your choice of 44 Styles, colors and sizes of famous **Ranger Bicycles**. **Factory-to-Rider** lets you buy at wholesale prices, express prepaid, direct from maker. **12 Months to Pay** lets you enjoy your Ranger at once. Many boys and girls easily save the small monthly payments. The Ranger is a better bicycle than you can buy anywhere at any price.

Tires lamps, horns, wheels, parts and equipment at half usual prices.

SEND NO MONEY. Simply write for our big, illustrated free Ranger catalog with lowest prices and terms; also Special Rider Agent offer.

Mead Cycle Company
Dept. P188 Chicago



Ford GIVEN FREE

Latest Model with Electric Starter and Lights

Don't buy a Ford. Join our great Auto Club and win Grand Prizes including Ford Touring Car! Can you make out two words spelled by figures in picture? The alphabet is numbered—A is 1, B is 2, etc. What are the two words? Other valuable prizes and hundreds of dollars in cash given. Everybody wins! So easy you will be surprised. We have already given away many Autos. Why not you? Send answer today.

1 21 20 15
6 18 5 5

Drive Your Own Car

You Can Win

A school girl of 14 won last Auto

Ford Willson, Mgr., 141 W. Ohio St., Dept. 2468, Chicago, Ill.

Instant Bunion Relief

Prove It At My Expense

Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have done for over 72,500 others in the last six months. I claim to have the most successful remedy for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send you my **Fairyfoot** treatment **Free**. I don't care how many so-called cures, shields or pads you ever tried without success—I don't care how disgusted you are with them all—you have not tried my remedy and I have such absolute confidence in it that I am going to send it to you **absolutely FREE**. It is a wonderful yet simple home remedy which relieves you almost instantly of the pain; it removes the cause of the bunion and thus the ugly deformity disappears—all this while you are wearing tighter shoes than ever. Just send your name and address and **Fairyfoot** will be sent you promptly in plain sealed envelope. Write today.

Foot Remedy Co., 220 1/2 Millard Av., Dept. 5, Chicago

TOBACCO Or SNUFF HABIT Cured or NOPAY

No matter whether used in pipe, cigarettes, cigars, chewed, or used in the form of snuff. **Superba Tobacco Remedy** contains nothing injurious, no dope, poisons, or habit-forming drugs. Guaranteed. Sent on trial. If it cures costs you one dollar. If it fails or if you are not perfectly satisfied, costs you nothing. Write for full remedy today.

SUPERBA COMPANY, M21, Baltimore, Md.

VENTRILOQUISM

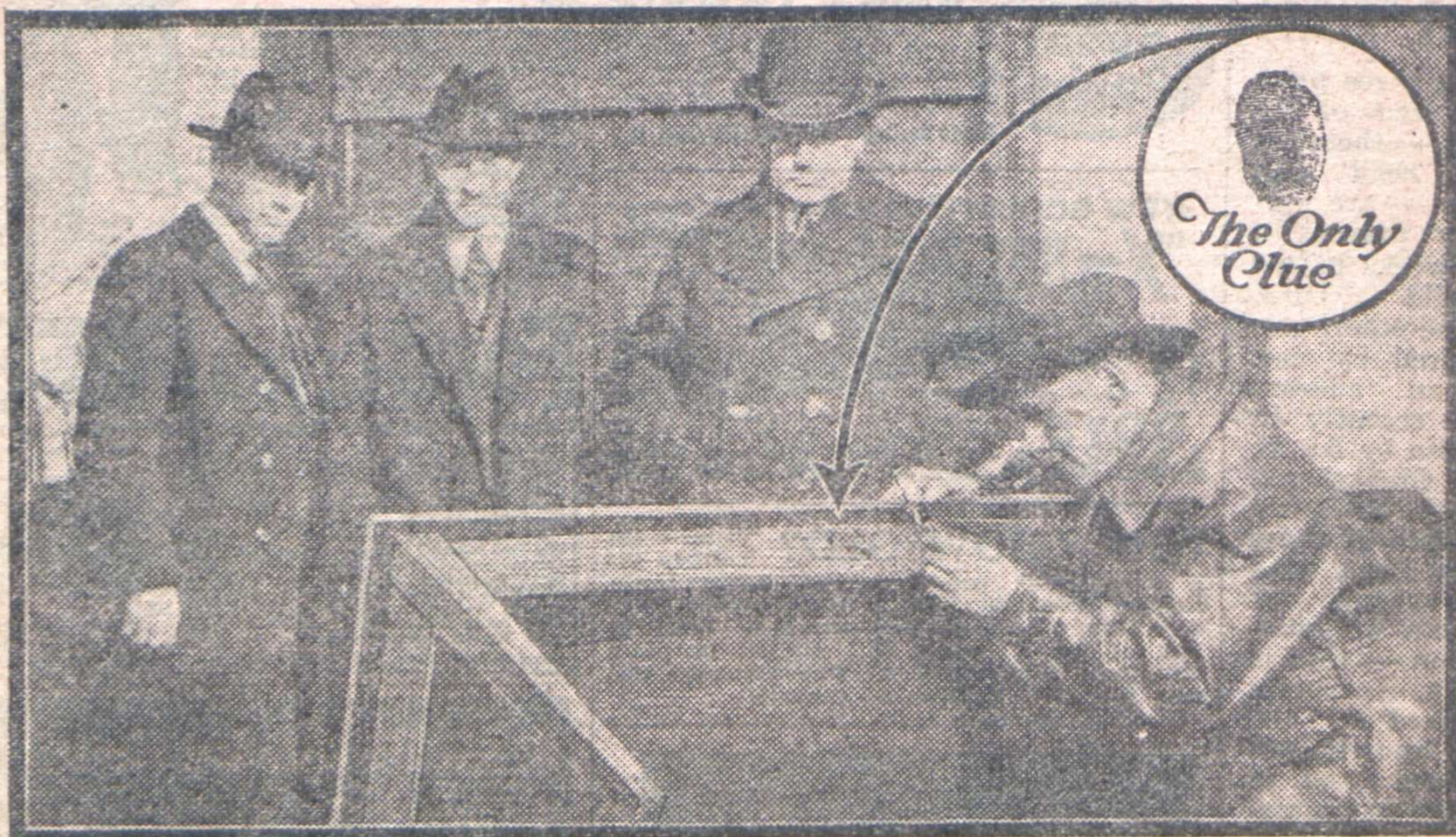
taught almost any one at home. Small cost. Send **TODAY** 2 cents for particulars and proof.

GEORGE W. SMITH
Room M-146, 125 N. Jeff Ave., Peoria, Ill.

SORENESS HEALED

Sore or open legs, ulcers, enlarged veins, eczema healed while you work. Write for free book and describe your own case.

A. O. Liepa, 1457 Green Bay Av., Milwaukee, Wis.



\$500 REWARD for TWO HOURS WORK

WARREN BIGELOW, the Finger Print Detective, was making his usual review in the morning newspapers. He had just finished reading the press reports of the daring robbery of the offices of the T—O— Company when the telephone on his desk rang. Central Office was calling, asking him to come immediately to the scene of the robbery.

Although he drove his high powered roadster rapidly and arrived very shortly at his destination, he had plenty of time to consider the main features of the case as reported by the press. The job had undoubtedly been done by skilled cracksmen and robbers of uncommon nerve. Sixty-five hundred dollars in currency—the company pay-roll—were gone. Not a single, apparent clew had been found by the police.

Finger Print Expert Solves Mystery

On his arrival, Bigelow was greeted by Nick Austin, Chief of Detectives, who had gone over the ground thoroughly.

"Hello, Warren. Here's a job that has us stumped. I hope you can unravel it for us."

By this time, the district officers and the operatives from Central Office had almost given up the investigation. After hours of fruitless efforts, their work was at a standstill. They were completely baffled.

With lively interest and a feeling of relief they stepped back to await the results of the Finger Print Detective's findings. They were plainly awed at his quiet, assured manner. The adroit old Chief himself was manifestly impressed at the quick, sure way in which Bigelow made his investigation.

Almost immediately Bigelow turned his attention to a heavy table which had been tipped up on its side. Examination of the glossy mahogany showed an excellent set of finger prints. The thief might just as well have left his calling card.

To make a long story short his prints were photographed and taken to Central Office, where they were matched with those of "Big Joe" Moran, a safe blower well known to the police. Moran was subsequently caught and convicted on Bigelow's testimony and finger-print proof. Most of the money was recovered. In the meantime the T—O Company had offered a \$500.00 reward, which was given to Bigelow—his pay for two hours' work.

Learn At Home in Spare Time

Could you imagine more fascinating work than this? Often life and death depend upon decisions of finger-print evidence—and big rewards go to the **Expert**. Thousands of trained men are now needed in this great field. The finger print work of governments, corporations, police departments, detective agencies and individuals has created a new profession. Many experts regularly earn from \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year in this fascinating game. And now you can easily learn the secrets of this new Science in your spare time—at home. Any man with common school education and average ability can become a Finger Print Detective in a surprisingly short time.

Free Course in Secret Service

For a limited time we are making a special offer of a **Professional Finger Print Outfit, absolutely Free, and Free Course in Secret Service Intelligence.** Mastery of these two kindred professions will open a brilliant career for you.

Write quickly for fully illustrated free book on Finger Prints which explains this wonderful training in detail. Don't wait until this offer has expired—mail the coupon now. You may never

see this announcement again! You assume no obligation—you have everything to gain and nothing to lose. Address

UNIVERSITY OF APPLIED SCIENCE

Dept. C109, 1920 Sunnyside Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

UNIVERSITY of APPLIED SCIENCE, Dept. C109, 1920 Sunnyside Av., Chicago

Gentlemen: Without any obligation whatever send me your new, fully illustrated, FREE book on Finger Prints and your offer of a FREE course in Secret Service Intelligence and the Free Professional Finger Print Outfit.

Name.....

Address.....

Present Occupation..... Age.....

Read These Letters From Happy Boys:

Shows Clear Pictures

I have been very slow in sending you an answer. I received my Moving Picture Machine a few weeks ago and I think it is a dandy, and it shows the pictures clear just as you said it would. I am very proud of it. I thank you very much for it and I am glad to have it. I gave an entertainment two days after I got it. Leopold Lamontagne, 54 Summer Ave., Central Falls, R. I.

Sold His for \$10.00 and Ordered Another

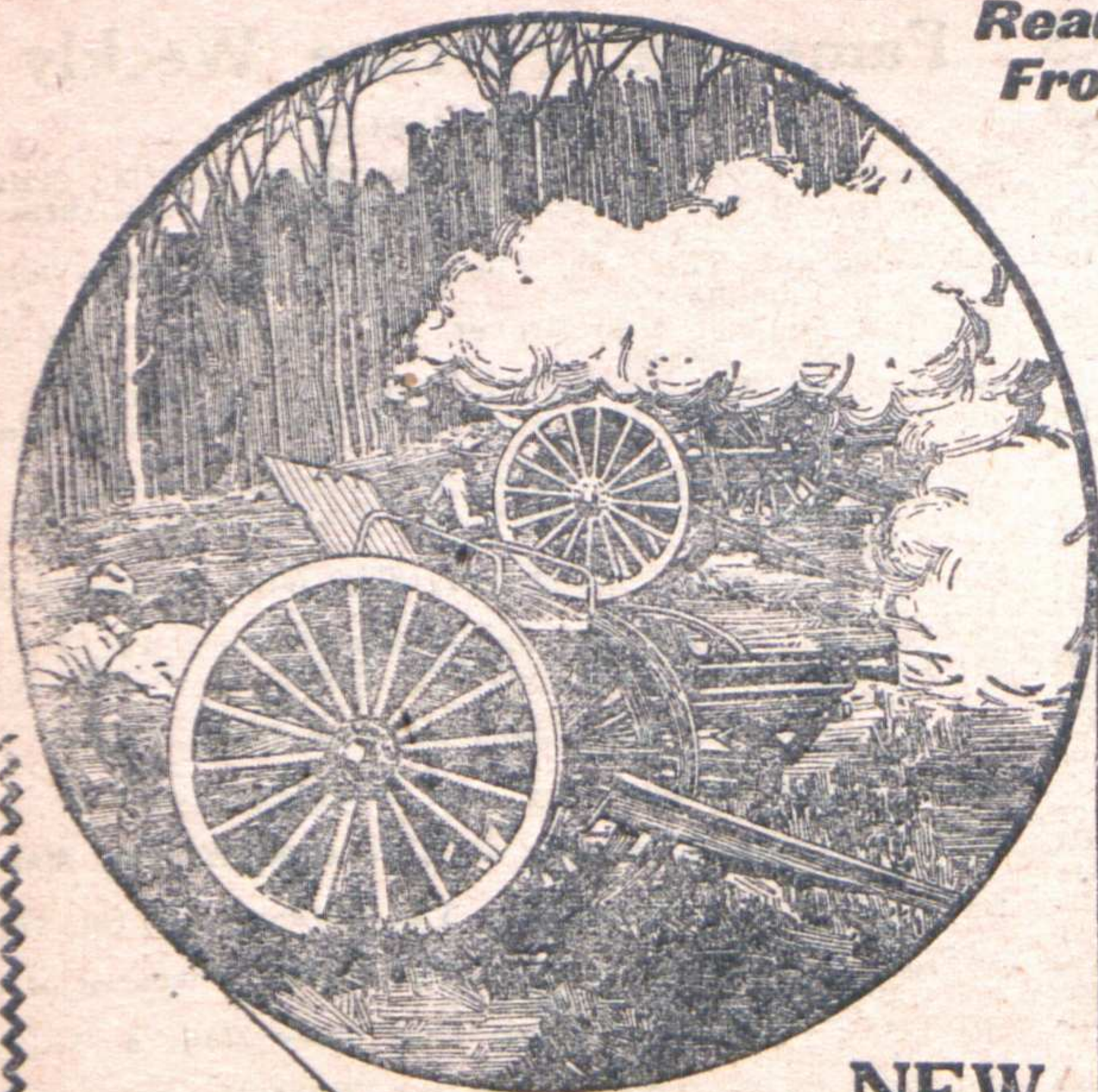
Some time ago I got one of your Machines and I am very much pleased with it. After working it for about a month I sold it for \$10.00 to a friend of mine. He has it and entertains his family nightly. I have now decided to get another one of your machines. Michael Ehereth, Mandan, N. Dak.

Would Not Give Away for \$25.00

My Moving Picture Machine is a good one and I would not give it away for \$25.00. It's the best machine I ever had and I wish everybody could have one. Addie Bresky, Jeunesville, Pa. Box 34.

Better Than a \$12.00 Machine

I am slow about turning in my thanks to you, but my Moving Picture Machine is all right. I have had it a long time and it has not been broken yet. I have seen a \$12.00 Machine but would not swap mine for it. Robert Lineberry, care of Revolution Store, Greenboro, N. C.



**A Real
Moving
Picture
Show in
Your Own Home**

**NEW
ELECTRIC
MODEL**

Remember, this is a Genuine Moving Picture Machine and the motion pictures are clear, sharp and distinct.

The Moving Picture Machine is finely constructed, and carefully put together by skilled workmen. It is made of Russian Metal, has a beautiful finish, and is operated by a finely constructed mechanism, consisting of an eight wheel movement, etc. The projecting lenses are carefully ground and adjusted, triple polished, standard double extra reflector, throwing a ray of light many feet, and enlarging the picture on the screen up to three or four feet in area.

It is not a toy; it is a solidly constructed and durable Moving Picture Machine. The mechanism is exceedingly simple and is readily operated by the most inexperienced. The pictures shown by this marvelous Moving Picture Machine are not the common, crude and lifeless Magic Lantern variety, but are life-like photographic reproductions of actual scenes, places and people, which never tire its audiences. This Moving Picture Machine has caused a rousing enthusiasm wherever it is used.

This Moving Picture Machine which I want to send you FREE, gives clear and life-like Moving Pictures as are shown at any regular Moving Picture show. It flashes moving pictures on the sheet before you. This Machine and Box of Film are FREE—absolutely free to every boy in this land who wants to write for an Outfit, free to girls and free to older people. Read MY OFFER below, which shows you how to get this Marvelous Machine.

How You Can Get This Great Moving Picture Machine—Read My Wonderful Offer to You

HERE IS what you are to do in order to get this amazing Moving Picture Machine and the real Moving Pictures: Send your name and address—that is all. Write name and address very plainly. Mail to-day. As soon as I receive it I will mail you 20 of the most beautiful premium pictures you ever saw—all brilliant and shimmering colors. These pictures are printed in many colors and among the titles are such subjects as "Betsy Ross Making the First American Flag"—"Washington at Home,"—"Battle of Lake Erie," etc. I want you to distribute these premium pictures on a special 40-cent offer among the people you know. When you have distributed the 20 premium pictures on my liberal offer you will have collected \$8.00. Send the \$8.00 to me and I will immediately send you FREE the Moving Picture Machine with complete Outfit and the Box of Film.

50,000 of these machines have made 50,000 boys happy. Answer at once. Be the first in your town to get one.

A. E. FLEMING, Secy.,

615 W. 43d Street, Dept. 220, New York

**PLEASE
USE
COUPON**

Free Coupon

Good for Moving Picture Offer

Simply cut out this Free Coupon, pin it to a sheet of paper, mail to me with your name and address written plainly, and I will send you the 20 Pictures at once. Address

A. E. FLEMING, Secy.,

615 W. 43d St., Dept. 220, New York

ALCOHOL FROM TROPICAL JUNGLES

We clutch at anything as a substitute for gasoline. Professor Whitford of the Yale School of Forestry says that alcohol could be economically manufactured from the moist vegetation of tropical forests and jungles.

"The evidence is conclusive," said Professor Whitford, "that the tropical sun has the power to store up more energy in the form of cellulose in a given time than has the temperate sun."

"If this is in a utilizable form it remains for the ingenuity of man to overcome the difficulties of profitably applying it. With the increasing needs of the nation it is reasonable to expect that sooner or later it will be necessary to utilize more fully the plant resources of the tropics."

Professor Whitford said that the annual production of alcohol from the nipa plant in the Philippines was now nearly 3,000,000 gallons and that one distillery there had produced 93 per cent. alcohol at a cost of about 20 cents a gallon, and if operated to full capacity could make it at a cost of 15 cents a gallon.

OUR TEN-CENT HAND BOOKS

Useful, Instructive, and Amusing. They Contain Valuable Information on Almost Every Subject

No. 23. HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.—This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days.

No. 24. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.—Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects.

No. 25. HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.—Containing full directions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations. By Professor W. Macdonald.

No. 26. HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.—Fully illustrated. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating.

No. 28. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.—Every one is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced.

No. 29. HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.—Every boy should know how inventions originated. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc.

No. 30. HOW TO COOK.—One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes.

No. 33. HOW TO BEHAVE.—Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theatre, church, and in the drawing-room.

No. 35. HOW TO PLAY GAMES.—A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc.

No. 36. HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.—Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings.

No. 40. HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.—Including hints on how to catch moles, weasels, otter, rats, squirrels and birds. Also how to cure skins. Copiously illustrated.

No. 41. THE BOYS OF NEW YORK END MEN'S JOKE BOOK.—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrel is complete without this wonderful little book.

No. 42. THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.—Containing a varied assortment of stump speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also end men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows.

No. 45. THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe.

No. 46. HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel. A. M., M. D. Containing over fifty illustrations.

No. 48. HOW TO BUILD AND SAIL CANOES.—A handy book for boys, containing full directions for constructing canoes and the most popular manner of sailing them. Fully illustrated.

No. 49. HOW TO DEBATE.—Giving rules for conducting debates, outlines of debates, questions for discussion and the best sources for procuring information on the questions given.

No. 50. HOW TO STUFF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.—A valuable book, giving instructions in collecting, preparing, mounting and preserving birds, animals and insects.

No. 51. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing explanations of the general principles of sleight-of-hand applicable to card tricks; of card tricks with ordinary cards, and not requiring sleight-of-hand; of tricks involving sleight-of-hand, or the use of specially prepared cards. Illustrated.

No. 53. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS.—A wonderful little book, telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your father, mother, sister, brother, employer; and, in fact, everybody and anybody you wish to write to.

For sale by all newsdealers or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 10 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,

168 West 23d Street

New York

Fame and Fortune Weekly

— LATEST ISSUES —

- 793 Driven From School; or, The Pirate's Buried Gold.
- 794 A Bright Boy Broker; or, Shearing the Wall Street "Lambs."
- 795 Telegraph Tom; or, The Message That Made Him Famous.
- 796 Dick and the Mad Broker; or, The Secret Band of Wall Street
- 797 A Sharp Boy; or, Making His Mark in Business.
- 798 Tom Swift of Wall Street; or, The Boy Who Was on the Job.
- 799 Andy the Auctioneer; or, Bidding in a Fortune.
- 800 Doubling Their Dollars; or, Schoolmates in Wall Street.
- 801 Dick Darling's Money; or, The Rise of an Office Boy.
- 802 Beating the Market; or, A Boy Broker's Big Deal.
- 803 Lost in the Jungle; or, The Secret of the Hindoo Temple.
- 804 Bound to Get the Cash; or, Out for a Million in Wall Street.
- 805 A Lucky Errand Boy; or, Working His Way To Fortune.
- 806 Little Johnnie Brown; or, How a Smart Boy Made Money.
- 807 Finding a Fortune; or, The Mystery of the Old Bell Tower.
- 808 In the Stock Market; or, The Lucky Ventures of a Wall Street Messenger.
- 809 Three Copper Cents and How They Made a Wall's Fortune.
- 810 The Old Trader's Legacy and What His Office Boy Did with It.
- 811 A Million in Diamonds; or, The Treasure of the Hidden Valley.
- 812 Sam, the Speculator; or, Playing the Wall Street Market.
- 813 A Born Showman; or, The Boy Who Ran a Circus.
- 814 After a Golden Stake; or, Breaking a "Bucket-Shop" Combine.
- 815 Bound to Be a Manager; or, Making Money in Baseball.
- 816 A Boy Broker's Dollars; or, The Mystery of the Money Vault.
- 817 Tom, the Apprentice; or, The Young Mechanic Who Made His Mark.
- 818 A Banker at 17; or, A Wall Street Boy's Syndicate.
- 819 The Mystic Chart; or, The Treasure of the Big Caves.
- 820 Working the Money Market; or, The Deals of a Wall Street Boy.
- 821 The Boy Gold King; or, The Greatest Mine in the World.
- 822 A Young Broker's Money; or, Trapping the Sharpers of Wall St.
- 823 Dollars and Cents; or, From Cash Boy to Partner.
- 824 Jimmy the Office Boy; or, A Plucky Wall Street Plunger.
- 825 Always on Time; or, The Perils of a Young Mail Contractor.
- 826 The Missing Bonds; or, A Lucky Boy in Wall St.
- 827 Hunting For Treasure; or, The Pirate's Chest of Gold.
- 828 \$10,000 Reward; or, The Fortune of a Bank Clerk.
- 829 Bought at Auction; or, The Bid that Led to Riches.
- 830 The Young Copper King; or, The Boy Who Went the Limit.
- 831 Ralph, the Reporter; or, The Mystery of Assignment No. 10.
- 832 A Lucky Risk; or, The Nerve of a Wall Street Office Boy
- 833 The Race for Gold; or, After an Aztec Treasure.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 7c. per copy, in money or postage stamps, by

HARRY E. WOLFF, Pub., 166 West 23d St., New York.

SCENARIOS HOW TO WRITE THEM

Price 35 Cents Per Copy

This book contains all the most recent changes in the method of construction and submission of scenarios. Sixty Lessons, covering every phase of scenario writing. For sale by all Newsdealers and Bookstores. If you cannot procure a copy, send us the price, 35 cents, in money or postage stamps, and we will mail you one, postage free. Address

L. SENARENS, 219 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

